

N O V E L T Y.

Every Act a Play.

B E I N G

A Short Pastoral, Comedy, Masque, Tragedy,
and Farce after the *Italian* manner.

As it is Acted at the

New-Theatre

I N

Little Lincolns Inn-fields,

By His Majesty's Servants.

Written by Mr. *Motteux*, and other hands.

Haud facile emergunt — Juvenal.

L O N D O N.

Printed for *Rich. Parker* at the *Unicorn* under the Piazza of the
Royal Exchange, and *Peter Buck* at the sign of the Temple, at the
Temple-gate in *Fleetstreet*. 1697.Lately publish'd, A Plot and no Plot, a Comedy by Mr. *Dennis*.
In a few days will be publish'd, The Intreagues of *Verisailles*: Or, a Jilt in all Humours, a Co-
medy by Mr. *Darley*.



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T O

Charles Caesar, of Benington, Esq;

S I R,

NOvelties, and their Introducers, have generally most need of powerful Patrons: Yet while I make bold to Dedicate to You a Dramatic Entertainment, that may be said to want a precedent, I dare not presume to recommend it to Your Protection. There are some ill Customs in the Business of the Pen, as well as in that of the Sword. Methinks a Dedicator, who strives to engage a Man of Honor blindly to take his Part against those that tax him with Faults, resembles a mad Fellow, who would draw in a Gentleman to be his Second, upon a trivial quarrel, in which 'tis great odds but he is in the wrong. In either Duel, instead of getting satisfaction, both Principals and Assistants are often wounded, and many times the latter most. Neither the Fondness of a Parent, nor even the Vanity of an Author, can make me think any thing that may be call'd mine in the following Sheets worthy the honor of Your Patronage; and the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the rest, for which I am oblig'd to others, its Merit will, I hope, secure it a kind Reception.

Yet be pleas'd, Sir, to permit the whole to appear grac'd and countenanc'd with Your Acceptance: I will not say, it will fright Envy and Ill-nature from using this as ill as they do better Pieces; for I find, they are no respectors of persons, and far from being so fearful as some Writers wou'd have them be thought by their Patrons, they make nothing of a Breach of Priviledge, misusing even what claims the Protection of Lords, nay, Majesty itself. But this I dare affirm, that Your Name will advance the Reputation of these Scenes; for those Persons that are acquainted with your Character (and there are but few of the better sort but know and respect it) will not be able to imagin that any one durst presume to Dedicate to You an undeserving Piece; and shou'd they mislike this in the reading, they will, I fancy be inclin'd to suspect their own Judgment, rather than that of the Writer.

But, Sir, while this may protect me from the Severity of others, it cou'd never secure me from Your juster Censure, were not Your Goodness as celebrated as Your Judgment, and Your indulgent Disposition to pardon Faults as great as Your Skill to discover them. You pity those unfortunate Men upon whom the Curse of Poetry is entail'd, kindly considering, that a Muse, like a Mistress, tho' pleasing at first, is seldom long so to the man that's wedded to her, or indeed to any others, especially when he's forc'd to reduce her to be a Household Drudge. This, Sir, emboldens me to hope, that if You condemn the weakness of my Performance, You'll at least approve my Zeal; since I do not offer this to You as a Thing worthy Your Acceptance; but merely as an opportunity to publish the Veneration

The Epistle Dedicatory.

neration I have for your extraordinary Merit. Were it not much more difficult to commend than it is to admire, I wou'd now, like some modern Writers, assume a Poetic Licence to turn an Epistle Dedicatory into a Panegyric; Conscious that what is Flattery in some, might be construed just praise when said of You. Neither shou'd I be stinted to the Encomium of Generosity, tho' that's the Soul of every noble endowment, and a virtue seldom forgot in Dedications. Yours, like the Sun's kind influence, is still dispens'd, even while the power that exerts it is unseen; and therefore a bare hint of so diffusive and known a Good wou'd be sufficient; the rather, because I shou'd have a large field for praise in Your other Virtues; many of which are naturally inseparable from that. But shou'd I enlarge on the sweetness and evenness of Your Temper, on Your engaging and discreet behaviour with Your Equals, Your condescending affability to Your Inferiors, Your Humanity, Your Moderation in a flourishing Youth, and what's more difficult in an ample Fortune, Your knowledge of Men as well as of Books, and every accomplishment that gains You the esteem of our Sex, and the Love of the other, Your friends might yet justly accuse me of having said too little, while Your Modesty alone wou'd tax me with having said too much.

I had almost forgot its strict injunctions, and my promise not to make You uneasy with Your Praises; so difficult it is to be silent when a pleasing Theme and opportunity combine to make us speak. Yet what I must deny my self, will, I hope, be the task of better Pens. Why may not *Deucalion's* and *Pyrrha's* being safe upon *Parnassus*, when the rest of the world perished by the Deluge, be thought
to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to imply that the Muses friends will be preserv'd, while others shall be swept away by inundations of ignorance and oblivion? if so, your Name shall live, and may even transmit this faint essay to posterity.

But tho I must curb my fancy, I may give a loose to my wishes, for a long and happy Continuance of that more real Life which you so wisely know how to use. May your Years still rowl on smoothly, and attended with new pleasures; may your Desires be crown'd, and may I still be happy, in being thought,

S I R,

*Your most humble, and
most obedient Servant,*

Peter Motteux

The

The PREFACE.

Reader,

I Hope several things will induce you to pass gently over the Defects in this entertainment. I was put on this bold Attempt, being hinder'd from giving you a better Play, which, waiting its Turn, cannot appear till next Winter. Most of the best Actors being engaged on other Plays, I could not expect they would study mine. This made me think of something that might be got up by the by.

I writ the Masque of Hercules, and Mr. Eccles having set it with his usual Success, and yet more masterly than my Mars and Venus, if possible, I prevail'd with the ingenious Mr. J. Oldmixon to give me a short Pastoral; while I scribbled over a Farce after the Italian Manner, and an Imitation of part of a diverting French Comedy of one Act. (for such Plays are very common in Foreign Parts.) Then I wanted nothing but a Tragedy to have something of every kind. But, as I said already, the best Tragedians were engaged in other Plays.

At last I betought my self of one already studied, called The Unnatural Brother, written by an ingenious Gentleman, and acted 6 Months ago, tho not with the success it deserved.

Yet the latter Part was extremely applauded: So I was persuaded to make bold with it, as I do, with thankful Acknowledgement; the rather, because I could easily contract the most moving Part of the Story into the Compass of one Act, with some Additions; yet without mutilating my Author's Sense, for which I have all the Veneration imaginable.

All this was done in a very short time, the warm Season threatening me with your Absence: And I got those Actors I could not study and rehearse for me by the by: But among them I must particularly mention Mr. Bowen, who has been singularly diligent in getting by heart a large Part, while he was studying several others.

I will only add, that you are not to expect a Plot in the Pastoral; That's chiefly to amuse you a while by its Innocence, and the softness of the Verse. As for the Masque, if it should be said that I have not altogether kept close to the Story of Hercules, the judicious know, that a Poetic Licence will bear me out.

The foregoing Lines were published as a Preface to that Masque, some few Copies of which were printed for the use of the Audience, the first day of the Novelty's being Acted. I have nothing to add, but that altogether it has met with better success than I could expect, since, (thanks to my friends) it was not only beneficial to me on the third, but also on the sixth day, and that in a Season when the Town is most empty. I know I ought to make amends; and I fancy I am not without hopes of doing better, since I have not the vanity of some, who think they have written well, when their bad Plays have succeeded better than they deserved.

You have here the Farce as 'twas Acted the first day; the latter part being left out afterwards; some few of the Audience having been offended at it, but more at the length of that Act. I have seen most of the things that were mislik'd, much applauded when Acted by Harlequin and Scaramouch. But it must be own'd, that many fooleries pleas'd when grac'd by those incomparable Mimics which may not suit with the Genius of our Stage. The whole will I hope, at least be thought inoffensive, as is all that I have written hitherto; for I have always been of Opinion, that a Writer cannot be too careful in public Entertainments, tho we live in a licentious Age.

Pro

PROLOGUE, *spoken by Mr. Bowen.*

TO please you with new Whims our Poet strives;
 For most Things please when new, ev'n your own Wives,
 But Wines, he fears, are surer to delight
 Than Plays. Play scarce can do't one single Night.
 Yet still he has found you kind; but, for his part,
 Swears, 'Twas your goodness more than his desert.
 Chiefly at others Cost he treats to Day;
 For ev'ry Act you'll have a different Play:
 Each kind distinct: Then let no Critic grumble;
 Some taking Plays are a worse sort of jumble.
 The first's a Pastal, which t' a friend is due;
 But that's for none but th' innocent and true,
 And I much fear, Gallants, 'tis not for you.
 A Comic Dish before you then he'll set,
 And much in Season; that's a Beau in debt:
 Poor, as a Poet, in all Things but's Cloths;
 For Poets are at best but dirty Beaux,
 And what, long after a third day, God knows.
 His Third's a Masque. The fourth he chiefly drew
 From a late Tragic Drama seen by few;
 Yet hopes 'twill please no less than if 'twere new.
 The fifth's a Farce, where some odd tricks are join'd,
 Us'd by the Italians; to which pray be kind:
 Nor hope in Farce true Wit or Sense to find.
 Sure your Devotion several Plays will bear,
 As in one day, some several Sermons hear.
 These are not long; but be not sorry for't,
 All things are not the worse for being short.
 Our Author studies, Sirs, to make you easy;
 Some things, the less they are, the better please ye.
 Light Cloths, and lighter Food are best this weather,
 Next Winter for more solid fare come hither.
 Plays, Whores and Musicks, go rarely off together.
 When Volunteers return, who, like Commanders,
 Went to buy Mechlen-Lace, and drink Champaign in Flanders.
 Then they all bravely march to Winter Quarters,
 To be bombard'd by the Vizard-Mortars.
 The Tars, who play'd at Bow-peep with the French,
 Come to spend all upon some batter'd wench;
 And Beaux, of honor fond, when Dangers cease,
 To buy Commissions, hearing of a Peace.
 Raw Squires come to be modish, see a Play,
 Be rigg'd, be rook'd, be clapt, then sneak away;
 And Petti-foggers come to spend their Guineas,
 Then Plaintiffs and Defendants all trot home like Ninnies.
 Projectors come to offer means and ways,
 And a huge Mob to offer us damn'd new Plays.
 Kept back by many such, and some few better,
 Our Author, till his turn, must be your Debtor,
 For, by the by, we did these Acts prepare,
 To make good his deficiencies of funds last year.
 Since he may make amends, pray let 'em pass!
 Restore the Credit of the Bank of Bays!
 He'll ne're thus trespass, til, by wondrous Chance,
 This is reviv'd, and we have Conquer'd France.

ACT I.

THYRSIS.

A Pastoral.

Shepherds.

Thyrsis,
Damon,
Montano,

Mr. Scudamore.
Mr. Bayle,
Mr. Arnold.

Shepherdesses.

Dorinda, Mrs. Laffels.
Cleomira, Mrs. Boman.

Satyr, Shepherds and Shepherdesses:

SCENE a Green before a Wood.

Enter Montano and Dorinda in Shepherds Habit.

Dor. I Shall be known.

Mon. You need not fear;
Your habit will secure you here.

On me you safely may depend,
You know I ever was your friend.
In this Disguise, if People knew
You were not lost, who'd think of you?
Among the Trees we'll stay unseen,
And hear what passes on the Green:
The Swains will quickly leave their Sheep,
To play beneath the Shades, or sleep;
Then Thyrsis comes, and you may hear
What ground you have for what you fear.

Dor. Delicious shades! Ye oft have seen
How blest I formerly have been,
When I have met my Thyrsis here,
And heard him sigh, and heard him swear:
But oh! he falsly sigh'd and swore,
That then he lov'd Dorinda more
Than Doves their Mates, than Ewes their Lambs,
Than tender Kids their fawning Dams,
Than Streams the Banks they glide along,
Or joyful Birds their vernal Song:

B

But

But Streams still kiss their Banks: The Spring
 Still tempts the joyful Birds to sing:
 Kids ne'er their fawning Dams forget,
 Nor Ewes their Lambs, nor Doves their Mates:
 Yet he is chang'd, and thinks no more
 Of me, or what he falsely swore.

Mon. He chang'd not till he thought you dead.

Dor. And hardly wept to lose a Maid
 Whom once he lov'd, he swore at least,
 And I believ'd he lov'd me best.

But who that hears my wrongs, will now
 Believe a Shepherd for his Vow?

Ye Maids! that shall within this Grove
 Be tempted with the voice of Love,
 Refuse to hear, the Charmers shun,
 For if you trust 'em, you're undone.

Mon. If *Thyrsis* loves, he loves in vain,
 Your Sister likes another Swain.

Dor. Tho *Chloris* shou'd refuse
 His suit, will that his Fault excuse?

Mon. Ne'er think him faulty, till you know
 How far the Youth has broke his Vow.
 Had you been dead, his hopes were gone,
 And he had then been free.

Dor. So soon?

Montano, you of old have seen
 The Shepherds oft forsake the Green,
 For years to mourn in Cypress Groves,
 For such Misfortunes in their Loves.
 To bath with Tears their Virgin's Graves,
 Sigh to the Winds, and weep in Caves:
 To Rocks, to Trees, of Fate complain,
 And not pretend to love again:
 While *Thyrsis* ne'er forlook his Sheep,
 And scarce cou'd condescend to weep:
 Nor sigh'd in Caves, nor to the Wind,
 Nor told the Waves they were unkind;
 But once or twice for Custom sigh'd,
 And chose my Sister for his Bride.

Mon. You only was belov'd in her:
 He saw, and lik'd your Picture there,
 You must confess his Love was due
 To her, for what she has like you.
 You're sick, *Dorinda*; cease your fears.

Dor. See—He that makes me sick appears.

Mon. No, by these Symptoms I can tell
 He comes that is to make you well. *Exeunt.*

Enter Thyrsis. Damon following at a distance.

Thyr. I should not fancy this Retreat,
This silence, nor this Shade so sweet,
Did not my Thoughts when I am here,
Run all on her I love so dear.
That I wou'd part with all I have;
For some small Hutt or little Cave,
Within the Covert of this Grove,
To spend my Life with her I love.
But she prefers another Swain,
And I'm condemn'd to love in vain.
When e're we pipe, his Tunes are best,
When e're we dance, 'tis I'm the jest,
She likes his step, she likes his mein,
And he's the Master of the Green.
The fairest Garlands she can weave,
She thinks not fine enough to give
To him; but what's on me bestow'd
Is all too fine, and all too good.
Her Ribbands, and her Crook are his:
Nay, once by chance, I saw 'em kiss.
And yet, alas! I can't forbear
To love, and serve, and think of her.
Will she then ne're on me bestow
Part of those Joys she lets him know?

Damon. (sneering himself) No.

Thyr. What make you here insulting Swain?
Go mind your business on the Plain:
Go feed your Lambs, and watch your Sheep;
'Tis true, thou hast but few to keep:
But out of few to lose but one,
The loss is great, and thou'rt undone.
Da. And yet, proud youth, tho thou hast more,
Who envies thee thy Father's store?
Where-e're thou driv'st thy Flocks to graze,
The Nymphs and Shepherds leave the place.
They hate thy Pipe, and dread thy voice,
Our Lambs are frighted at the noise.
Thy Songs and Dances are at best
The Goatherd's scorn, and Ploughman's jest.
Thy Songs are bad, thy steps are rude;
But we confess thy Flocks are good.
Go watch 'em then, for great's thy charge,
Thy Herds are vast, thy Pastures large;
Thy Men may sleep, thy Boys may play,
Thy Flocks may rove, thy Herds may stray;
And when thy Flocks and Herds are gone,
Poor *Thyrsis* thou art quite undone.

Thyr. No more of such disputes as these,
But go, and let me sleep in peace.

Dam. You came not here to sleep to-day;
I know your Business, and will stay.

Thyr. There's Room enough within the Grove
Go in, and leave me——

Dam. With my Love?
My *Cleomira*? No, I'll stay,

And make her hear what both can say.

Thyr. Thy *Cleomira*? Thou'rt a fool
To fancy she can be so dull.

As once to think of leaving me;

And all that I possess, for thee

Dam. What reason could'st thou ever find

To hope the Shepherdess design'd

Her self for thee? When e're we play,

From thee she turns her head away;

When e're we dance she chafes me;

To take her hand, and frowns on thee.

Thyr. She frowns perhaps to let me know,

She's next at what she's forc'd to do;

And if she turns her head aside,

'Tis more her Modesty than Pride.

Maids use those worst whom they like best;

And where they love they shew it least.

Cleomira runs over the Green as from the Wood.

Dam. Stay, my *Cleomira*!

Thyr. Stay!

Da. Hold! You fright the Nymph away.

Thyr. Hold! You fright her: Prithee see

How she looks and turns——

Dam. To me.

Tell me why you are afraid?

Who cou'd hurt so fair a Maid?

Is your Spaniel run away?

Has the Woolf broke in to day?

Cleo. No, but I have been pursu'd

By two Monsters of the Wood.

Dam. Cease your trouble; never fear;

You are safe, while I am here.

Thyr. Cease your fear, you need not fly;

You are safe, while I am by.

Cleo. Should I trust my self to you,

What cou'd'st thou pretend to do?

[*To Thyr.*]

Thyr. I cou'd fight,

Dam. And so cou'd I.

Thyr. I cou'd bleed.

Dam. And I cou'd dye:

Thyr. I can ———

Dam. What you've done before ;
Talk of Marriage to a score ;
And when all thy Reasons fail,
Think thy Riches will prevail.

I can ———

Thyr. Boast of much desert:
In bestowing of a heart,
Tho the present must be small
When with that you give your all:

Dam. I have nothing else to plead.

Cleo. Nothing else should here succeed.
Riches take at Court and Town,
Where there's nothing better known ;
Love and Constancy must reign
In the limits of our Plain.

We that know what 'tis to live
On what Nature has to give ;
On an Herb, or on a Plant ;
How can we Provision want ?
Ev'ry Wood and ev'ry Field
Stores of rich Provision yield;
He, and only he is poor,
Who is ever craving more.
He who thinks his Wealth above
Truth and Constancy in Love.
Let him not infect our Swains,
Let us drive him from the Plains:
Let the Maid, who e're he woos,
All that he requests refuse —
Let me go, I see the Sun
Declines apace ; I must be gone.

Dam. As yet 'tis high, and you may stay :
The youth will make himself away.

Cleo. You need not fear when *Thyrsis* grieves ;
Dorinda's dead, yet *Thyrsis* lives —

Nay, let me go ; the time is come
That I shall be expected home.
Iloyter'd once, and lost a Kid,
And if I stay I shall be chid.

Dam. Must I go too ?

Cleo. No, then they'll say
That we've agreed to Wed to day.
They won't believe the Satyrs drew
Me here, but I came here for you,
No, *Damon*, stay ; the dangers gone,
And I may venture home alone. [Exit.]

Dam. While I will to my charge repair,
 And see that nothing's wanting there.
 You, *Thyrsis*, too shou'd not forget,
 Your Herds are large ; your Flocks are great.
 You see, 'tis now too late to sleep,
 And you'll be wanted with your Sheep.
 The Shade's too cool, the Maid is gone ;
 What then shou'd you do here alone ? *Exit.*

Thyr. Hence with hope, and hence with care !
 There's some comfort in despair.
 Now I know the worst is past,
 Something good may come at last :
 Let me like a man endure
 All my Pain, and hope no Cure.
 Hope will but encrease my grief,
 When 'tis so much past relief ;
 Hence with hope, and hence with Care,
 There's some comfort in despair.
 Oh, how much we do boast in vain
 Of the quiet of the Plain !
 How we idly talk of ease !
 Love, alas ! disturbs our Peace :
 And where e're the Tyrant dwells,
 Be't in Palaces or Cells,
 Peace and soft Content remove ;
 War and Tumult wait on Love.
 Once, and I call it oft to mind,
 I lov'd a Maid, and she was kind.
 Oh ! How cou'd I once forget
 How soft was every Word, how sweet
 Was ev'ry Look ! For me she chose
 To leave her Lambs, to leave her Ews,
 To hear me pipe beneath a Tree,
 And all her Business was with me.

(Soft Music. Flutes are heard.)

Hah ! What friendly Notes are these,
 That charm and sooth my mind to peace,
 Some happy Swain within the Grove
 Has met, and entertains his Love.
 Music gives pleasure to the Blest,
 And to the Miserable, Rest.

He lays down on a Bank, while he sleeps a Satyr leaps out, and as he is going to strike, enter Dorinda and Montano. Dorinda comes up and Satyr runs away.

Dor. Hold Villain—go in, *Montano* ;
 Nor stay to see a Virgin's weakness ;
 But save my blushes : Stay within,
 And, when you see your time, appear.

Exit Mont.

He wakes, and as he lifts his Eyes,
They bring those glances to my view
Which charm'd me once, and if I gaze
I love and then am lost again.

Thyr. Who talks of love, and being lost?
In words and with a voice so sweet,
That tho it wakes me from a dream
Where I began to taste of joy,
And feel *Dorinda* in my Arms,
Yet I am pleas'd.

Dor. Perhaps to be reliev'd
From Dreams which troubl'd your repose,
And set a Maid before your Eyes,
Whom you were willing to forget.

Thyr. Thy voice, fair youth, thy looks, prevent
My anger; but whose art thou art
Tis sure unkind to think me false,
Before thou know'st my guilt.

Dor. I know
You have been guilty, if 'tis guilt to love
Another while the Virgin lives
To whom you have engag'd your heart,
To whom you vow'd you wou'd be true,
Till death should part ye---Did you not?
Yet, ere death parted ye, you chang'd,
And if to break a vow be guilt,
I know-----

Thyr. Nothing; for she I lov'd is dead,
They told thee false who said I chang'd
Till death, despair, and one so like
The Nymph I lov'd, so dear to her,
So kind to ev'ry one but me,
That not to love her had been worse
Than not to scorn her when her pride,
Disdain'd my Sighs; till these prevail'd
The lost *Dorinda* had my heart.

Dor. But if the lost *Dorinda* lives
Cou'd you pretend to innocence,
Or say you had not broke your Vow?

Thyr. But if the lost *Dorinda* lives!
Why that? Whence thou? and what thy Name?
Excuse me, lovely youth, from words,
And let me gaze upon thy Charms!
Oh! Ev'ry look revives my soul!
I see (or else I'm yet asleep)
The Graces that I lov'd in her.
But if the lost *Dorinda* lives!

That

That word, that last bewitching sound
 Strikes to my heart, and to my mind.
 Restores so many former joys,
 That if thou art not her her self,
 Thou art so like her, I forget
 My Woes, and all that I have lost
 To see thy Eyes, and hear thy voice.

Dor. Oh! *Thyrsis.* *Falls in his Arms.*

Thyr. 'Tis she! *Dorinda!* let me hold
 Thee fast, and if I dream! Oh Heaven
 Let me dream still, and never wake.

Enter Montano.

Mon. *Dorinda.*

Thyr. *Dorinda* lives!

Dor. And *Thyrsis* loves!

My fears are gone, and joys succeeds.

Mon. You *Thyrsis* are oblig'd to me
 For what you hear, and what you see.

Thyr. Oh how, *Montano*? Let me know,

Mon. Be calm, and I will tell you how.

As I this morning watch'd my Sheep,
 While you perhaps was fast asleep,
 A youth came to me from the shore,
 Whose Face, methought, I'd seen before;
 But when he ask'd me, if I knew
 Such Swains, and blush'd in naming you,
 I kist him oft, and wept for joy,
 To see *Dorinda* in the Boy.
 She told me, when we thought her lost,
 She safely reach'd the *Delphian* Coast.
 How she came back, and why she came
 In that disguise, and hid her name:
 Your Marriage was resolv'd she heard,
 And had she found it as she fear'd,
 She vow'd, alas! in that disguise,
 To make her life your sacrifice.

Dor. Peace, good *Montano*, say no more,
 For now that all our griefs are o're,
 Bring no sad Prospects to our view,
 Since I am safe, and she is true.

Enter Damon, Cleomira, Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Damon. *Thyrsis* here so late as this,
 Sure there's something chanc'd amiss.

Music is heard.

'Tis past our sleeping time, 'tis cold,
 The Flocks are driving to the Fold.

The Goats are milk'd, and we are come,

Thyr. To sing *Dorinda's* welcom home.

Cleo. My Sister here disguis'd !

Dor. The same.

Cleo. Oh say, when, how, and whence you came ?

Mon. I brought her here, but when and how

I'll tell you, as we go.

Thyr. But e're we part,

Let each in Songs express his heart;

Let's dance and sing while we have light,

And talk and kiss away the night.

You *Damon*, with your Pipe attend;

My Rival once, but now my friend,

The gayest Tune's *Dorinda's* due,

The gayest Tune must come from you.

To you those honours I resign,

Dorinda only shall be mine.

Mon. Her Welcom, *Thyrsis*, let us sing,

In Notes as sweet as for the Spring.

As when the Trees begin to bloom,

The Leaves to spread, the Buds to come ;

When V'ilets first the Fields adorn,

And warbling Birds salute the morn ;

Feasts, Songs and Dances fill the Plain,

For joy that Summer comes again ;

Such let *Dorinda's* welcom be,

And all rejoyce like him and me.

To Thyrsis.

S O N G

Her Eyes are like the morning bright,

Her Cheeks like Roses fair,

Her Breasts like Water'd Lillies White,

Like Silk her flowing Hair.

I I.

Her Breath's as sweet as Odors blown

By Zephirs o're the Vales ;

Her Skin's as fine as soft as Down,

Her Voice like Nightingales.

I I I.

Where e're she breathes, where e're she sings,

How happy are the Groves,

How blest, how much more blest than Kings,

The Shepherd that she loves.

Chorus.

With gentle steps let's beat the ground,

In gladfom Couples join'd,

For joy that your *Dorinda's* found,

And *Cleomira* kind. *A Dance of Clowns and Shepherds.*

Thyr. Thus merrily we'll homeward move,

While Hill and Vale, and Plain and Grove,

Ring with the sound of joyful Love.

The end of the Pastoral.

Exeunt with Music.

C

ACT

A C T I I.

All without Money.

A short Comedy.

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Needmore</i> , a Beau much in debt, given to treating.	<i>Mr. Scudamore</i> .	<i>Freeman</i> , <i>Needmore's</i> friend.	<i>Mr. Arnold</i> .
<i>Speedwel</i> , his Man, a Witty, Savvy Valet.	<i>Mr. Bower</i> .	<i>Clara</i> , <i>Theodisia's</i> friend.	<i>Mrs. Bud</i> .
<i>Theodisia</i> , <i>Needmore's</i> Mistress.	<i>Mrs. Prince</i> .	<i>Dorothy</i> , <i>Theodisia's</i> Woman.	<i>Mrs. Lawson</i> .
Brother to <i>Theodisia</i> .	<i>Mr. Bayle</i> .	<i>Le Scupé</i> , a French Traitor.	<i>Mr. Freeman</i> .
Bayliffs, Taylor, Cooks men, &c.			

SCENE the Pall-Mall.

Enter Needmore, follow'd by Speedwel.

Need. **H**Ey! *Speedwel*! Where the Devil's this Blockhead?

Speed. At your heels, Sir, light enough in Belly and Purse not to lag far behind. Well, at last your Creditors have their turn; you've made them walk, and now they make you run.

Need. The worst is, I have been balk'd where ever I went, and can't raise a penny.

Speed. Alas, Sir, my heart akes for you; I'm sure my Legs do with following you; with much fear, but no money, a heavy heart, and a light pair of heels, you've made as many doubles to day as any hunted Hare; the truth is, you've scap'd a whole Kennel of Hounds.

Need. Ay, a damn'd Pack of Dogs had me in the Wind.

Speed. 'Tis well I had you in the Wind too, for I thou'd certainly have been poyson'd in some of those damn'd Alleys we went thro. Well, I'm bound to pray for Perfumers the longest day I live: Therefore, sweet Sir, if you have any kindness for your poor Servant, Pay honest Signor *Pulvisio* the first.

Need. We have gone thro some unpleasant By-ways, I confess.

Speed.

Speed. Some did you say? Why, no Sculking Scribbler, or Tally-man goes thro more in a week, I think. Then, in the streets, if you but spy'd some one of your many Duns, you turn'd short, run like the Devil, or stept into some house, to ask for some body, who, to your knowledge, was not there: Presently after push'd forward; then, to avoid another, you started, wheel'd about, or made a shew of looking on a Wall; now whisk'd thro an Inn, next thro some blind passage, till, like a Ship still tacking about, you at last just got—to the place from whence you came.

Need. The best Masters of Ships sometimes can do no more.

Speed. You're like a Master of a Ship indeed, for your Rigging and whole Cargo belong to other men.

Need. To the Devil and your Dogship. [*He kicks him.*]

Speed. I beg the Devil's Pardon, and yours, Sir, I had forgot my self.

Need. Yes, you sawcy insulting Rascal, and always do.

Speed. I know it, Sir; had I not, I had left you long ago, when you first saluted me thus, for advising you to keep in compass, as my old Master order'd me. Well, I defende it all, wicked Rogue as I am, for breaking the many Oaths I've made to quit your service—But I am too generous to leave a Gentleman in distress; and therefore I'll stay till I see you clear, if possible; for, as for the Salary you owe me, I scarce look for't.

Need. You need not; you are Knave enough to have cheated me of more.

Speed. But I was Fool enough to let you cheat me again the lawful way of Loan. Well, I give that over too; only remember, Sir, a Man may cause his own Dog to bite him; and when I leave you, all your Creditors, especially Monsieur *Le Diable*, will have more power over you than ever.

Need. Sayst thou so? Well then, for thy good Nature I will reward thee.

[*Need more puts his hand in his pocket.*]

Speed. Ha, ha, hah! What makes your hand there? To my knowledge you hant one Crost left. Your Breeches are now in the fashion, a damn'd deal of Pocker, but no Lining: You would have taken a Coach-lie, but that you fear'd being serv'd as you once was, keep it all day for want of Money to discharge it, and be oblig'd to bilk it at night. Your Watch too is gone, and your fine Snuff-Box. The Painted one I have secur'd [*He pulls it out, and takes Snuff out of it.*] for the pretty Posture's sake, or it had been gone at Play last night—But here 'tis for you, Sir.

[*Takes Snuff again, and gives it him.*]

Need. There, Sir! you love Snuff I perceive. [*Throws the Snuff in his face.*]

Speed. Ay, but not so much at once tho. So! Farewell Orangerie and Bergamotte. Item half a Crown for that; which puts me in mind of about seven pound due for Snuff, Cards, and Chocolate: And the Fruit-womans Bill too of four pounds odd money, as conscionable as a Potheary's. I don't think there's a Chair-man or Coach-man you don't owe Money to. I dare say you're already in debt to the She-Farmers of the Side-Boxes in the Play-house.

Need. Well, Rascal! What then? half the fine fellows in Town do as much—I shall be able to pay my Debts shortly.

Speed. E Gad, that won't be like half the fine Fellows in Town then—But I fear, the Money you expect will go like the rest, that is (like half the fine Fellows in Town too) you'll scorn to pay a farthing of your Debts with it, but will wisely chuse to play it away.—Well, may I never see money again, if I believe

believe a Coach and Six cou'd ha' drawn you off last night, till you had lost those fifty Guineas; and made your self a clear Gentleman.

Need. 'Tis true; and it plagues me; for I have invited *Theodossia* to sup with me here at my Lodgings to night.

Speed. So! The Devil ow'd you a shame, and he means to pay you. How do you think to treat 'em? — Ha! Let me see! There's a new Beau-Peruke! Pray, Sir, how much does that cost upon Rep?

Need. Only 30 Guineas, Sir.

Speed. Zoons! That's more than head and all is worth. I'm afraid I shall see you in Jail for Periwigs and Powder! — Come, pull it off, Sir; pull it off, and put on that you tick'd for before this, and then?

Need. What then?

Speed. What then! Why then, I'll pawn this and treat your Mistress.

Need. Prithee take my head too.

Speed. A Beau's head! Nay then no Broker will take it in — Well, I find a good Wig is the very last Moveable a Beau will part with.

Need. But without fooling, what's to be done now?

Speed. Nothing without fooling: Unless we can fool that testy Cook *Le Soupe*, your Guests must chew the Cud, and all of us go supperless to Bed.

Need. You know I shall have a Bill from my Father within these ten days and then I'll pay him; so tell him.

Speed. So you told him these ten months — alas, Sir, you modish people have no Almanicks, that makes you forget your selves, and play at Cards o' Sundays! — But here comes Mr. Freeman: Be sure you strike him, he's your friend; and to make him more so, humour him, fawn on him, commend him: Flattery is a sort of bad Money, for which even the wisest often part part with good.

Enter Freeman.

Freem. I came to look you.

Need. My dear, dear Freeman! I'm heartily glad to see you. This is a kindness beyond my hopes. What can I serve you in? Speak, you know I'm always ready to serve my Friend, I'm open and free, and you may command me.

Freem. I thank you: Let affectation dwell at Court; I'm without formality, your friend.

Need. 'Twere a Crime to doubt it: But, Complements aside, pray let me know what brought you hither?

Freem. With all my heart.

Smiling.

Speed. I must know too.

(aside and peeping.)

Freem. You must know, I come to pass a day this evening with you.

Speed. So!

(aside)

Need. How unhappy am I, that you can't! You must pardon me, my dear Friend; for I expect Company to night.

Freem. Yes, *Theodossia*: She told me so, her self; and entreated me to bring *Clara* to sup with you too; of which I thought fit to give you notice, that you might not be surpriz'd.

Need. More Guests! But 'twill be at his cost, or e'gad they're like to be worse surpriz'd.

[aside.]

Freem.

Free. Well, what say you to this matter.

Speed. Have a good heart, Sir. (*aside to his Master*)

Need. You may be sure, you'll be all as welcom as I can make you.

Speed. E'gad the welcom he'll find, he's like to bring along with him; (*Aside*)

Free. Then I'm resolv'd to be merry to night, and drown in Champaign a damn'd melancholic humour that hangs upon me.

Speed. Champaign and no Money, I don't like this beginning. (*aside.*)

Need. Can you have occasion to be melancholic, you who are the envy of the Men, and the Darling of the Women?

Free. What a pox, hast thou lately been reading the Academy of Compliments? If I did not know thou ha'st money, I should think thou ha'st a mind to borrow some of me.

Speed. Ten pound to a Supper he lends us none. (*aside.*)

Need. Whence proceeds then your being out of humour?

Free. From that which makes every body so, I've parted with all my money the old way.

Speed. Oh! Now for a Cordial! 'Tis well, if he don't ask us to lend. (*aside.*)

Need. I'm heartily sorry for your loss.

Speed. So am I too, as I wish for a Supper to night. (*aside.*)

Free. The loss is not much; 'tis the manner of it vexes me most, for I lost all running, without so much usturning a stake.

Speed. Sir, Sir, lend Mr *Freeman* 10 or 20 Guineas.

Free. By no means, I shall have money to morrow.

Speed. Nay, Sir, you know my Master's always ready to serve his Friend; he's open and free, and you may command him.

Free. I know it — But a pox o' Fortune I say, she deals us good or bad luck; as she does Stations, or we Cards; Knaves, and Kings shuffled up together. I'm afraid there were Sharpers in the Company.

Need. That's not unlikely; they get now into the best: for there are some of all Ranks. For this, I my self have now forsworn play; tho' that's the way to find the days tedious, and lose one's interest with half the *Beau monde*. But I find that playing on the square is like dealing on the square, the ready way to be undone. Yet do not curse Fortune, my friend; you should rather pray to her, she has been, and may be kinder to you.

Free. No, if she's a female, as her fickleness proves her, by a spirit of contradiction, she'll be sure to be kindest to those that respect her least. Well, adieu till night! We'll come betimes.

Speed. Ay, sooner than welcom, I dare say. (*aside.*)

Need. Your Servant.

Exit Freeman.

Speed. Faith, Sir, I'm afraid he smok'd you.

Need. I hope not. Yet friends when we're in prosperity cleave to us, as Quick-silver does to Gold; but forsake us alike in the fiery Tryal.

Speed. Ay, Sir; those are your Town friends: They're like your Town Wines and Town Wenches, e'gad you may try ten before you light on one that's right or sound.

Need.

Need. Well, will you bethink your self how to bring me off from this hand-
somyly?

Speed. I! I can't tell what to do in it.

Need. What, then will you see me disgrac'd, and give *Theodosia* occasion to
frown on me for a month together? *Pr*i thee try to get us something to eat.

Speed. 'Tis vain, Sir; your Creditors are now no fools. Come along with me,
and see if I lye; which if I do, may I be bound to pay your debts, and that
I would not do for half an *East India* Bribe.

Need. But how shall I get off?

Speed. E'ne do as Ladies do when they're in love with their Doctor, feign
your self sick and take your bed.

Need. Then they'll come to see what my Di stemperis, and finding I have no
Fever, presently call for Supper.

Speed. Send for some eminent Physician, he'll order you some damn'd Drench
and make you sick enough.

Need. You know I dread Physick as I do Poyson.

Speed. Or a Bayliff - Ay, I had forgot that; there's scarce a Town Spark,
but is as much set against Pills and Bolus, I think, as against Marriage and Re-
pentance; and that makes 'em delay those three bitter Remedies to the last.
Well then, suppose I pretended you were gone to fight a Duel.

Need. How! shall a Gentleman pretend a Duel?

Speed. Why, 'tis as common now to pretend 'em as assignations; tho'twere
but to excuse the wounds got in a pleasanter sort of encounter.

Need. But this false report would frighten *Theodosia* into real sickness.

Speed. Very good! Go on, I perceive you intend to be a man of your
word.

Need. No, pritheer tell me what I must do?

Speed. S'death, Sir, I'd as soon undertake to get you off, when fluster'd, from
a gaming Club, or chatting Mask in the Play-house.

Need. Well, I will be wholly guided by thee.

Speed. Leave me then; I have a whim in my head may chance to set you
free.

Need. Pritheer let me know it?

Speed. Ay, as we do a Prophecy, when it has taken effect.

Need. Why will you hide it from me?

Speed. That it may be hid from other people—What, tell a Beau a secret?
a Chambermaid would not do it. (*aside.*)

Need. But it may be some pitiful mean thing.

Speed. A mean thing, and I contrive it!

Need. Let's consult about it together.

Speed. No consultations, Sir: Two will keep Council if one be away.

Need. I must submit then to your Will and Pleasure.

Speed. You should have consider'd before you had made the Invitation.
'Sbud, leave me to my self.

Need. Methinks——

Speed. Leave me, I say; You disturb me worse than a talking Better does a
bustie Gamester.

Need.

Ned. Well, I must endure any thing as matters go now. *Exit. Ned. says,*

Speed. So! Now I command. This 'tis to serve an unthinking Master. I was kept to wait on his idleness at the Colledge, and must attend his extravagance in Town; till with a little more experience, I may set up for my self, get as much by rooking, as he has lost by fair play, and then look as big on him, as others formerly of my function do now on their Betters. But in the mean time my brains must work for his. Stay! I have it! I'll whip over to *Theodosia's* and put it in practice. [*He runs across the Stage, and knocks at the Door.*]

Enter Dorothy, Opening the Door.

Dor. Oh! Is it you? What's your business?

Speed. I'd speak with your Lady.

Dor. Is your Business pressing.

Speed. Faith, not at all: I come to know when we may expect her, that Supper may be ready at her coming; for, you must know, Child, my Master makes no common entertainment to night.

Dor. I'm glad on't; I love feasting dearly.

Speed. Ay, your mouth waters at the very thoughts on't, like a Chaplain's preaching grace over a good Dinner.

Dor. But are you in earnest?

Speed. As you were when you lost your Maiden head.

Dor. This pleases me; I love your costly great Treats.

Speed. I understand you; you are always for great things. Come, confess, don't you love me a great deal;

Dor. Hang Love; let's talk of the Supper.

Speed. The best Love indeed is commonly after that. Well, ours will be an extraordinary Treat, let me tell you.

Dor. And let me tell you, I'll keep an extraordinary Stomach for't. Take care to pinch three or four Bottles of the choicest VVines, and secure some of the best Dishes for us; then if I don't love you, say I've nothing of a Lady's woman about me.

Speed. I commend thee. Girl, thy love is in thy Belly: where else indeed should it be?

Dor. Peace, I hear my Lady coming.

Enter Theodosia.

The. How now, Sir! What brings you hither?

Speed. My Master desires to know, Madam, at what hour you will please to honour him with your Company to night?

The. As soon as 'tis convenient: Too soon for him, tell him.

Speed. A Witch o' my Conscience, if I don't prevent it. (*aside.*) — But, Madam — *Shaking his head*

The. But what?

Speed. I should acquaint your Ladyship with something if I durst.

The. If you durst! Why, is it of such dangerous consequence? If it be, 'tis fit I should know.

Speed. True, Madam; but the danger is chiefly to me: If my Master should once come to know what I would fain tell you, murder would ensue.

Theo. Trust me, he shall not know it, as I have honour !

Speed. Ah ! Madam ; but 'tis very dangerous.

Dor. VVhat ails the fool ? VVhat's dangerous ? To trust a Lady of Quality ?

Speed. Yes, on her woman's secrecy.

Theo. No, I'll engage for her. Prithce let's know it.

Speed. VVhy then, Madam, (but not a word !) Some rascally Neighbours having seen you twice or thrice coming from my Master's Lodgings, have been pleas'd to bestow some uncivil reflections on your Ladyship, for which I have likewise been pleas'd to bestow some blows on their Coxcombs.

Dor. VVhat a tale of a Roasted Horse the Rascal tell us ! VVhat made you put my Lady in the head of this.

Speed. I only would caution her, that if she should receive some small affront as she pass'to or from us, she would take no notice of it, but to me ; for my Master is certainly the most desperate man on such occasions, that ever escap'd the Law to his years.

Theo. No, no, to prevent the worst, I'll not go at all.

Speed. So ! Now Master, thank my wit.

(*aside.*)

Dor. VVell then, Madam, since you won't go to Mr. *Needmore's*, let the Supper be brought hither, 'twill do as well.

Theo. With all my heart ! Let 'em bring it.

Speed. O Lord ! There this damn'd greedy Jade has over-reach'd me. [*aside.*]

Theo. Stay I'll have no Supper brought. D'you hear ! Let 'em bring none ; 'twill be too much trouble on both sides.

Dor. Trouble ! Why, nothing more easie, Madam.

Theo. Hold your prating. I say I will not go.

Dor. But how will you excuse your self ?

Theo. I'll pretend I've the head-ach.

Dor. That will seem too sudden to be thought real.

Speed. Why so ? It often comes suddenly ; and I think 'tis the best pretence you can use. I'll go and back it.

Theo. But take care —

Speed. O ! for that never trouble your self : Be you but secret, Madam.

Theo. I will.

Speed. So ! now my Master comes off with flying Colours. [*aside.* Ex. *Speed.*]

Dor. VVou'd thy Neck were broke ! Thou shamming Rascal — I fancy this is one of his projects to hinder us of a good Supper.

Theo. Ay, but I fancy 'tis by his Masters encouragement, *Freeman* and *Clara* are to sup there to night : Now it comes into my head, that *Needmore* thinks he can't so freely entertain *Clara*, if I am with 'em.

Dor. Do you doubt his love then, Madam ?

Theo. I don't know ; Men are inconstant, and *Clara's* handfom — VVell, I'm resolv'd I'll spoil their sport to night, for thither I will go.

Exeunt.

busie.

SCENE

SCENE *Needmore's Lodgings.**Enter Needmore and Speedwel.**Speed.* Well, Sir, what do you think of my Conduct?*Need.* 'Tis wonderful! *Machiavel* was but a Type of *Speedwell*.*Speed.* Humh! This is some acknowledgment however.*Need.* Prethee haste now to *Freeman*, and desire him to tell *Clara* that *Theodofia* is taken ill, and the entertainment is put off.*Speed.* Who the Devil could have imagin'd he had had so much sense!*Aside.* I'll about it instantly.*Need.* Excuse me to him.*Speed.* You may be sure on't.*Need.* Tell him that —*Speed.* Teach a Bully to swear, or a Gamester to cheat! I want none of your Instructions: What wou'd you have done had it not been for me? Well, when I dye (for I know I shall leave Money enough of my Wages in your hands) let me have a Marble Monument, and my Effigies at full length upon it, with these lines engrav'd at my Feet,Here *Speedwell* lyes, of Serving-men the top,

Whose matchless Wit was the securest prop

Of a young, thoughtless, wild, expensive —

What rhimes to prop, hah? 'Sdeath here comes one will put me to a stop.

*Enter Theodofia and Dorothy.**Need.* Bless me! what are you abroad, Madam? This Rascal told me —*Speed.* Nay, the Rascal told you nothing but truth.*Need.* That you were taken with a violent pain in your head.*Theo.* Ay; but 'tis over now; and I came out to divert my self with company.*Dr.* See, Madam! a man caught by his Wife with her Woman cou'd not be more surpriz'd.*[aside to her Mistress]**Need.* I wish it ben't too soon, Madam! I fear you may take cold. I wou'd advise you to let me wait on you back.*Theo.* No, no, I'll run the risque of that: I mean to be your Guest to night.*Need.* Madam, the thoughts of you are an eternal feast to my Soul; think then what now your sight is But yet I am most unhappy that I have countermanded Supper upon notice of your indisposition.*Theo.* No matter for Varieties; any little thing will serve my turn.*Dr.* A little thing! I hate a little thing. *aside.* No, Madam, Mr. *Needmore* expects Madam *Clara* —*Need.* I did so, from your Ladyships Invitation; but upon the ill news, I sent to beg her not to come to night.*Dr.* If this ben't all a trick, I never knew any.*[aside to her Mistress]**Theo.* One Dish will be enough; you need trouble your self no further.*Need.* But what, Madam, if *Clara* and *Freeman* should come?*Theo.* Why, then lay the blame on me.

Need. But one Dish, Madam, looks so rude, and disrespectful.

Theo. I tell you 'tis enough: Pray send for't; for here I mean to sup.

Dor. Ay, ay, pray do, Sir; you see my Lady is resolv'd on't. If you order'd three or four Dishes 'twou'd be ne'r the worse; for we both love Suppers. *[Aside to Need.]*

Speed. Ay, three or four score! ah! thou unseasonable, thou unreasonable Supper-gut. *[Aside.]*

Need. Well, Madam, since you are pleas'd to command it, he shall order one—D'you hear, go, and get us something. *To Speed.*

Speed. I fear, Madam, you won't like what I shall bespeak; and I'm very confident you would highly oblige my Master if you would please to defer his Treat till to-morrow night, because —

Enter Freeman and Clara with her Woman.

Dor. See, Madam, here are both Mr. Freeman and Madam Clara!

Speed. Wou'd they were at York! They're e'en as welcom as a Tax Collector to a Grumbletonian. *[Aside.]*

Clara. You see, my Dear, I am obedient! But what would not I do to enjoy your Company.

The. Really, my Dear, had it not been for the pleasure of yours, I had sup'd elsewhere to night; so Mr. Needmore is wholly oblig'd to you for mine.

Speed. O! Yes, most damnably, Deformity seize her for't! *[Aside.]*

Free. Come, Ladies, Compliments apart, let us walk into the next Room, there we may play till Supper comes.

Speed. Say you so, Sir? E gad then you may play till you starve. *[Aside.]*

Clara. I hope it won't be long, for I've a very good stomach.

Need. I fear you will have but a slender Entertainment; but this Lady is the cause of it. *[They all go in except Speedwel.]*

Speed. Ay, and they'll be damnably slender too, if they stay till it comes. They will find all as cold within, as a Citizen's Country-house in Winter. But what means my wife Master? He leaves me to bear the brunt? 'Tis commonly so: The Master gets the Maid with Child, and the Man must marry her: Nay, pox on him, if he's so regardless of his own business, why should I perplex my self?

Enter Needmore.

Need. Speedwel!

Speed. Sir?

Need. What shall I do?

Speed. Faith, Sir, I can't tell: I want some of that which damns Lawyers and all the world; for without money I can do nothing; all your Creditors count me a Cheat and a Rogue.

Need. Try if you could not prevail with *Le Soupe*.

Speed. I've try'd him often enough: You had as good beg in Dutch, and that you know is a very speeding Language.

Need. But what shall I do with these people within?

Speed. Nay, look you to that.

Need. I wish they were out of the House!

Speed. Is this all you wou'd have?

Need. That's all.

Speed. O! that's easie enough. Do but seem somewhat frighted and disturbed: Leave the rest to me.

Need. But what must I pretend is the cause of my being so?

Speed. No Dispute, Sir. Mind you your part, and I'll play mine, ne're doubt me. *Exit Speed.*

Need. What the Devil he's going to do, I can't imagin. 'Tis a sharp designing Rascal, and I must let him alone at present. Sure the Rogue will take care of my Reputation. I am now in his Power, and the Villain knows it but too well, for which in time he shall feel mine.

Enter Theodosia, Clara, Freeman, Speedwel, and Dorothy.

The. My Brother wounded! Did you see him, *Speedwel*?

Speed. No, Madam, but I heard so.

The. Where did you hear it, and from whom?

Speed. At the corner of our street, from a croud of People. Some were saying he was dangerously wounded, others, that they fear'd his Wound was mortal.

The. Give me my Scarf.

Speed. So! It works rarely!

The. My Scarf quickly! I hope, Mr. *Needm.re* you won't leave me in this misfortune!

Need. No misfortune could make me leave you, Madam. [*Taking her hand.*

Free. Stay. He's here himself.

Enter Brother to Theodosia.

The. O my dear Brother! We heard you was almost kill'd.

Bro. They're somewhat uncivil who kill'd me without letting me know it. Why, I have not had the least quarrel: Who was the Reporter of this?

Theo. *Speedwell.*

Speed. I heard it at the corner of our street, Sir, from a croud of people, who nam'd you, describ'd you, said you was run thro the Body, and, like me, pity'd you extremely.

Bro. You see I am as dead as any man alive: I din'd at the *Blue-Pests*, where I stay'd till now.

Speed. Borrow of him if you can. [*aside to his Master.*

Theo. And where they made you play, I warrant?

Bro. No, for I lent all my Money to a friend, who play'd and lost it.

Speed. So! This Commodity of Money is as scarce among these people, as Virginity in a Play-house. (*aside.*)

Theo. Pray what brought you hither?

Bro. I heard at home y u were come hither to Supper, so I came to take a bit with you; for I hate as much to sup alone, as most people do to lye alone; you know, nothing balks a good Stomach like that.

Speed. So! Customers come in apace! But e'gad, if you're not worse balk'd here, I'll be bound to treat you a twelve month. (*aside*)

Need. Be pleas'd to walk in there.

The. Ay, come, for he must give orders.

Bro. Hark you, nothing the more for me, I charge you.

Need. No, no.

Speed. Nor nothing the less, I dare promise him. *(aside)*

Bro. If you do, I'll never be so free with you again.

They all go in except Needmore and Speedwel.

Need. Speedwel!

[Shews him by his Fingers how many Guests he must wait.

Speed. Sir?

[Answers him by signs.

Need. What ne're a word of Comfort?

Speed. Alas, Sir, all things runs so contrary, I vow I'm afraid you said your Prayers this morning.

Need. Is there no getting them out of the House?

Speed. Be rul'd by me, and I warrant you we'll do't.

Need. As how? Tell me, my dear dear Dog!

Speed. Why, fet your Lodgings o' fire.

Need. Ay, but 'tis dangerous.

Speed. Dangerous! What a pox, would you go to Heaven in a Coach with a Wench in your Arms? No, you must take some pains, run some hazard—Well, in short, I have but one stratagem more.

Need. Hast thou one more then? Oh! Tell it me quickly!

Speed. Pretend your pocket was pickt this morning of all your Money; and that you're fallen out with *Le Soupe*, and have no Credit any where else.

Need. That's well enough too: But then I fear I shall displease *Theodora*.
Ay, ay, that will certainly disoblige her for ever.

Enter Catherine, Clara's Woman.

Cath. Sir, you're wanted within.

Speed. Ay, and without too: Pox on her! Our Plot is spoilt again. *(aside)*

Need. I come ——— *Exit Woman.*

What shall I do, I am going to be horribly handled.

Speed. If they're for tossing you in a Blanker, I'll take a corner. Stay, what do you think of giving your self to the Devil?

Re-Enter Woman.

Cath. Sir, I'm sent again.

Need. Tell em, I can't come yet.

(Exit Woman.)

Speed. Once more, if you'll take my Counsel, walk off and leave 'em.

Need. I dare not.

Speed. Nay then take your own measures. But look you, Sir, here's *Le Soupe*.

Enter Le Soupe.

Speed. Try, if you can work him to any thing of good nature: for my part I found him more sawcy than a Bayliff.

Le Sou. Sir, your humble Servant! I hope your honour has got some money for me now.

Need. O my worthy friend, Mr *Le Soupe*! Ay, ay, Monsieur, within this Fortnight I'll pay thee every penny.

Le Sou. Ay, Sir, but in the mean time——

Need. Why, in the mean time I shall only desire you to let me have a pretty genteel Entertainment for some Friends that I've here to night.

Le Sou. I have entertain'd too many of your friends already, Sir, to my cost. Zoons! I have been as patient as a *Greens hall* Creditor — But I find, that between promising and performing, a mans Walls may be as

naked as the roof, and his Back as bare as the naked truth.

Need. But now my Word shall be as good as my Bond.

Le Sou. I believe you. I would not take either of 'em for a sorry English black Pudding.

Enter Brother.

Bro. (At the Door.) Needmore, a word with you.

Need. I'm coming — dear *Le Soupe*, let me entreat this one kindness of you: I'll give you a Note under my hand.

Le Sou. What, never to pay me?

Bro. They're out of all patience within.

Speed. He's speaking to the Cook, Sir.

Bro. Never put your self to unnecessary Charges! One Dish will be enough.

Need. Well, you shall have no more.

Exit Brother.

Speed. No more than you have now, I dare engage. *(aside)*

Need. Dear *Le Soupe*, let me prevail with thee. I shall have a Bill from my Father's for 500 l. within this Fortnight, and then I'll pay thee upon my honour.

Le Soupe. You've pawn'd that so long ago, like many more, I dare say, you don't think it worth redeeming! Look you, Sir, there never was less money, nor more need of it; your words without that are like treating a man with a Fiddle when he wants a Dinner. Upon the word of a Cook, I will send some friends of mine to you presently; and so, Serviteur.

Exit Le Soupe.

Speed. Ah diable je r'nie — Will you go, Sir? And I'll provide for their Entertainment. You know my Lord Title, what if he should protect you.

Need. Who?

Speed. Why, he who with 200 a year has 300 protected servants? *Ex. Speed.*

Need. I scorn it —

Enter Bayliff in Woman's Cloaths.

Need. Hah! What Strapper's this? She looks as much like a Bawd as a Catch-pole looks like a Rogue. *(aside)*

Bay. Pray, Sir, how may I speak to Squire Needmore?

Need. He's a little engag'd at present, Madam; but if you please, I'll deliver any message to him.

Bay. I must do it my self, Sir; for so I promis'd the Lady.

Need. Is your business from a Lady then?

Bay. Yes, Sir.

Speed. (Peeps in) Ha! What's here? A Woman! I'll listen, what're her business is. *(aside)*

Bay. Are you the Gentleman, Sir?

Need. My Name's Needmore, Madam.

Bay. Then, Sir, pray give me leave to Arrest you, at the Suit of Mr Execution the Scrivener.

Speed. 'Sdeath, he'll be buried alive! I must prevent it. *(aside and steps out.)*

Need. Is not he ashamed to take me up for the Principal? Why, I haven't been able to pay the use. None but a Knave would Arrest a man these times.

Exy.

Bay. These times ! why they are the best times in the World, for us. But, look you, Sir, since you say there's nothing to be got of you, and you plead poverty, in Charity, as I'm an Officer, I wou'd avoid troubling you. Come, I'll have but 5 Guineas Civility Money, and then you shall chuse whether you'll run away from me, or I from you.

Enter Speedwel with a Sponge full of Ink : He comes behind the Bayliff and blinds him with it.

Speed. Who am I ? Guess, Mistress *Jenny*.

Bay. I don't know. Let me go. (*struggling*)

Speed. I'll wash your Eyes, Madam ; 'twill clear your Eye-sight.

Bay. 'Sdeath I've lost my Prisoner.

Speed. Prisoner ! Cry mercy ! I'm mistaken, I took you for an honest Friend. *Exit Speedw. and Needmore.*

Bay. Zoons ! Where were your Eyes ? I'm a Bayliff ! Oh ! He has put out my Eyes. Stop him ! Help ! Murther ! *Setter, Sweet'n'em, Spurger, Dog-bolt,* where are you ? Help, help. [*Exit Bayliff groping.*]

Re-enter Needmore and Speedwel.

Speed. The Rogue has grop'd out his way—Now, Sir, run in, shut the door after you, and show your self, while here I study to bring you off: Don't seem concern'd ; Do as Whores, Plotters, and Tradesmen do, within a day of running away, put a good face upon the matter.

Need. I must.

(*Exit Needmore.*)

Speed. Now must I shut the door, and cudgel my Brains again—Hah ! There's *Le Soupe's* Man ! I'll cudgel the Rascal first, but [*Easter Sawce is come in,* *Speedwel* (*shuts the Door.*)] I must keep out his followers.

Enter Sawce with a Cloath.

Sawce. Where's your Master.

Speed. There's yours, you Setting Dog : There's payment : There's Rake's Money : There's new fashion'd Coin for you. *Speed. beats him with a Cudgel.*

Sawce. Oh hold ! Hold ! Hear me ! My Master's sending half a dozen Dishes hither, Mar.

Speed. How ! Art thou in earnest ?

Sawce. As you were with me now. He was out of humour ; but he has be-thought himself, sent me to lay the Cloath, and beg your Master's pardon.

Speed. Then I beg thine. Come, let's do it quickly, dear *Sawce*—But what made him thus out of humour ? [*They draw the Table and spread the Cloath.*]

Sawce. Why, many things ; a Steward put him off till next year for denying him treble Poundage of a Bill of 5 years standing. Then some Officers pawn'd two Masks for a seven pound reckoning, and all their Cloaths won't yield forty Shillings.

Speed. Poor Devils. They work hard for 'em, and ten to one but they were borrow'd too.

Sawce. Then, Sir *John Rattle* bespoke a fine Dinner, and never came. Six topping Sparks had the Guinea ordinary, then bid us set it down, and broke a Waiters head for muttering at it ; and 4 tearing Beaus took the best room, call'd up all the house, ask'd for all varieties in Season, had a deal of attendance, and at last din'd on Small-ale, and a Cutlet.

Speed. And upon tick. Well, now the Cloath is laid, prethee go and hasten your men

Samuel. I will.

[Exit Samuel]

[Speed lets him out, and peeps.]

Speed. Stay, let me look out sharp; I fear my She-Bayliff's Crew—Hah! Are you thereabouts—I'll shut this door, and call my Master—Oh! Here he is—

Enter Needmore.

Need. Ah! Dear *Speedwel*, thou hast got us something, I find.

Speed. I han't rime to talk of that yet. Off with your Upper Geer.

Need. How! (*Speed. throws down his own Hat and Wig, and his Master's; Needmore lays his hand on his Sword.*)

Speed. Nay, 'tis no matter for drawing it, I must have that too.

Need. What's the meaning of this?

Speed. There are more Rogues below, and I know best how to use the Sword. Come, uncase, uncase. [*Speedwel pulls off his own Coat, throws it down: Then helps his Master off with his, then dresses in his Cloaths.*]

Your Cloaths fit me so so; you're almost as well shap'd as my self—Come, Sirrah! Take up these habiliments, and dress. Dress quickly, and observe your Masters motion. [*Struts about.*] Now do I fancy my self a Master already. Why not? E'gad many of ours are little better than Footmen out of Livery; and this seems to show they may be more akin to some of us than they think. *To himself.*] Come, follow me.

Need. But what will your Honour do with *Theodosis* and the rest of 'em?

Speed. I'll set 'em going presently. [*Knocking at the outward door.*] But first get into the Closet, I've lockt the inner Door, your Guests can't come after us. [*Need. gets into the Closet.*]—Now come in who will. [*Opens t'other Door, and two Bayliffs disguis'd like Porters come in.*]

Enter 2 Bayliffs dress'd like Porters, carrying a large Basket covered with a Cloth.

2 Bay. An't please your honour, we bring this from Mr. Le Soupe's.

Speed. Lay it down.

3 Bay. Ay, to take you up—*[A head-Bayliff starts out of the Basket.]* I have two Writs against you, Sir. *(They take away his Sword.)*

Speed. Against me? Demme, at whose Suit? *In a counterfeits voice.*

3 Bay. Mr. Le Soupe, and Mr. Cabbage your Taylor.

Speed. Cabbage! I don't know the Thief, confound me!

3 Bay. That may be, some of you are so long in your Taylor's Books, they are commonly forgot before they're paid: You shift 'em as often as you do new Suits, and Lodgings—Come along.

Speed. Prethee, Fellow, let's talk first.

3 Bay. I'll talk with you when you're out of Debt. Demme, would you have us Gentlemen Officers wait as long as your Taylors Bills? Come away, or let's see some Money, and we'll be civil. For a Guinea an hour we'll keep you till you've sent for Bail.

Speed. Damn'd Scoundrels! Was ever a man of Quality us'd thus.

Bay. Ay, and worse, what's quality to us?—Run to the Office *Manbound*, search if there be more Writs out, inform his Creditors; we'll be well paid for't.

(aside to one of the Bayliffs.)

Speed.

Speed. Demme, I don't owe any man Two pence. Whom do you take me for?

3 Bay. You are Squire *Needmore*; we know you well enough.

Speed. Ha, ha, ha! You filly Dogs you! You know me as little as you do Breeding. Demme, I shall catch you by the five pound Aft.

Enter Cabbage.

3 Bay. O, Master *Cabbage*, you're come in good time: We've taken this Gentleman, who denies that he's call'd Squire *Needmore*.

Cab. No more he is not. Beg his pardon, and let him go: But methinks I've seen his face before now.

3 Bay. Noble Sir, we beg your Honours Pardon. *(Gives him his Sword again, and Speedwel strikes him with it.)*

Speed. Go, you Dags, *Needmore* is far enough by this time, your Game is out of your reach.

3 Bay. We shall catch it at last: Our Game is better than the Beasts you hunt, yet we don't so often miss on't.

Exeunt Bayliffs and Cabbage; Speedwel shuts the door after 'em

Enter Needmore.

Speed. Come, Sir, the Coast is clear. *[He undresses, and Needmore and he puts on their own Cloths again.]*

Need. That's well, my diligent *Mercury*. But oh! *Theodosia*, and the Supper.

Speed. The first shall go hence presently, and the last I'm sure will not come hither to night—But, get you in again, Sir, and dress; and, by that time you've done, come to 'em. But first give me notice with a hemm, that you are coming: For just then I will pronounce the Charm that shall set 'em all a flying.

He unlocks the Door of the Inner Room.

Need. Dear Conjurer, be sure it be a powerful one. *(Exeunt.)*

Enter Theodosia, Clara, Brother, Freeman, Dorothy, and Catherine.

Free. Where the Devil's this *Needmore* all this while?

Bro. Playing the extravagant in providing us a Feast, I warrant you.

Theo. Methinks this long absence of his looks like rudeness: he might have sent his Directions for the Supper by his man.

Dorothy. That man of his is a sneaking Devil, and the very Emblem of Hunger, he would purposely have forg't half his orders, to have starvd us: But now we shall have an extraordinary Supper.

Enter Speedwel.

Theo. Oh here he is! Where's your Master?

Speed. Madam, I'm afraid he'll be here before I've made a discovery to you that concerns your health, your Beauty, and perhaps your Life.

Theo. What mean you by this discourse?

Dor. Mean Madam? Why he means to play your Ladyship some Trick.

Theo. I hope not; tell us quickly, good *Speedwell*.

Speed. To shew you then Ladies that I value your Lives more than my own, I shall tell you, tho' my Master look'd Death with every Frown——

[*Need. peeps in and hears.*]

Speed. Our Landlady's Daughter lyes sick of the Small-Pox over head.

Theo. and Clara. Good Heav'n defend us!

Enter Needmore.

Need. How's that, you Dog?

Bro. 'Tis false, is't not?

Need. Wou'd I cou'd say it were! But what shou'd cause this Villain to discover this to these Ladies? I knew on't but an hour ago; and wish'd 'em in some other House, (knowing they dread the Small-Pox) but durst not let 'em know why, lest the Fear of that fatal Disease shou'd make this Lady deprive me a while of the Blessing I enjoy in seeing her.

Theo. Oh barbarous Man! Thy Servant has more Honour than thou. — I'll not stay here a Moment. Is this the Care you ought to have of our Healths?

Need. But Madam ——

Theo. Not a Syllable; I shall be affraid to hear or see you this Fortnight. Be sure keep out of my Sight till then. Come Brother, your Hand.

Need. Well Madam, I'll not stay a Minute in Town, while I may not see what I value most in it. I'll into the Country, and there stay my time for Product: Too much punish'd by so cruel an Absence.

Clara. Ah, Mr. *Needmore*, have a care how you expose young Ladies again to such Hazards. Mr. *Freeman*, you must continue my Convoy —— I'll swear I'm very hungry.

[*Ex. Theo. and Brother, Clara. and Freeman.*]

Dor. So am I too! Well, 'tis always so: I never far'd worse than when I wish'd for my Supper.

Speed. Remember Child, Abstinence is wholesome. We *English*, they say, dig our Graves with our Teeth.

Dor. Peace, you meagre Chaps, I have a Saying for yours. A hungry Belly has no Ears.

Sp. And good reason why; because Words won't fill it. — But see they're gone.

Dor. Wou'd they'd staid. I a'n't afraid of the Small-Pox. [*Ex Dor. & Clara.*]

Speed. No nor of the great ones. — Well Sir, they're fled, and 'tis fit we shou'd. Hunger is doing the *Somerset* in my Guts. Egad my Belly is as empty as my Pockets — Come, I'll have you to a Place, where, as well as at many others, they'll take the Rascally Servant's Word, tho' not the honourable Master's.

Need. Well, this has made me so sensible of my former ill Conduct, that from this Moment I'll reform, pay my Debts, and regulate my Expences by my Income.

Speed. Ay, do Sir, and then I shall be paid. — Cut your Coat according to your Cloth. Remember, Fools make Feasts, and wise Men eat 'em: My Son, keep Money in thy Pocket. (I am damnably full of old Saws!)

Well, mind one more, to free you from Disaster,

And let your Purse for ever be your Master!

Exeunt.

The End of the Comedy.

ACT III.

HERCULES.

A

MASQUE.

Set to Musick by Mr. John Eccles.

The singing Actors in the MASQUE.

*Hercules,
Omphale,
Dejanira,*

Mr. Redding.

Mrs. Boman.

Mrs. Willis

Two of Hercules's Children,

{ Mis. Bradshaw.

{ Femmy Laroche.

Nesca,

Mrs. Perrin.

Chorus of Lydians, Singers and Dancers.

A Symphony with Trumpets, Kettle-drums, Hautboys, &c:

*Enter Hercules, and a Chorus of Lydian Men and Women, who lim
both Sides of the Stage; Omphale among them.*

*Chorus of
Lydians.*

V V

Welcome to the Lydian Court,

Great Alcides, still victorious,

Still more glorious,

Earth's Defence, and Heav'n's Support!

Welcome to the Lydian Court.

Two Lydians. " By thee the worst of Monsters fell:

" By thee was curb'd the Pow'r of Hell:

" By thee on Earth Astræa rules again:

*" The Toil and Glory thine, the thankful World's
the Gain.*

" All the Lines mark'd

" thus are left out in

" the Singing, lest the

" Entertainment should

" be too long.

*Herc. to the Crowd. Hence Slaves, still crowding to caress,
Not Manly Virtue, but Success.*

" Why must I be star'd at by you,

" As if I were a Monster too?

Why gazes on me ev'ry Eye,

When a more conqu'ring Object's by?

Why

Why sing my Triumph, when a single She,
A single Look has vanquish'd me?

[*Omphale offers to go, seeing him bow to her.*

Herc. Bright *Omphale*, in Pity stay,
Oh let me gaze, and gaze Eternity away.

Omph. "Why should I be gaz'd on by you,
"As if I were a Monster too?"

Herc. "Why should I be thus shun'd by you,
"As if I were a Monster too?"

Herc. We Soldiers are blunt, and awkwardly woo; ;
But tho' we can't talk, you'll find we can do.
A thousand hard Labours I've conquer'd with Ease ;
But think it much harder one Woman to please.
Yet here I stand ready, to try, when you will,
If one Woman's Wishes a Man may fulfil.

Omph. All you Men, when Love is new,
Promise much, but little do.
You in Search of Blessings run,
Which alas you quickly shun.
Shou'd we cheap our Favours make,
You'd but conquer to forsake.
Lest our Slaves our Tyrants grow,
Little Freedom we bestow.

Herc. To try me and exert your Sway,
Speak, and, by *Jove*, I will obey !

Omph. Then learn to spin ; 'tis all I ask.

Herc. For *Hercules* a very pretty Task !
'Tis odd, 'tis odd, 'tis wondrous odd !

Malicious Love, resistless God !
But I have sworn, and then I burn,
And now my Club must Distaff turn.
I know by this I'm turning Fool,
And so we're all, while Women rule.

Enter Lydia and Nefica, two of Omphale's Women, with two spinning Wheels, brought in by two Men, who take them out to dance, and in the Dance they turn the Wheels with diverse Postures, and Motions.

Omph. "Come grieve no more for turning Fool
"Than did your Sire for turning Bull.
"Love grows fiercer by Denials,
"Love, like Gold's refin'd by Tryals.
"Doubts and Fears new Heat inspire.
"Melting Tears enrage the Fire ;
"Sighs, like Wind, still blow it higher.
"Crucely awake must keep
"Love, which Kindness lulls asleep.
"Off with your rough Attire of War ;
"You must for softer Arts prepare.

[*Exit Omphale.*

Some of Omphale's Attendants, strip Hercules of his Lyon's Skin, and put him on a white Hood, a Night-Rail, and a white Bib-Apron; then they cap his Clab with Flax, and set a Spinning-Wheel before him—he makes sad Faces all the while.

Herc. Well then if I must learn to spin,
And be a Coxcomb, let's begin.

Nesica shewing him how to spin.

Thus—you must whirl about your Wheel;

Thus—wet, and twist, and fill the Reel.

Lyd. "Come, spin out your Clue.

Herc. "S'Death, all is entangl'd! plague on't; it won't do.

Lydia and Nesica beat him with their Distaffs.

"Come, spin out your Clue.

Herc. "Hold Women, hold; I never knew

"A Man could be a Match for two.

Enter Dejanira with Children and other Attendants.

Oh, you treacherous Knave!

Oh you Villain, you Slave!

What, do I surprise you,

Your Wenches and you? e'Faith, I'll disguise you.

Let me reach 'em!

I'll reach 'em

To make themselves common,

And wrong me, not dreading the Rage of a Woman.

What, take you their Part?

I could tear thy false Heart.

"At home you still grumble,

"And tho' mighty abroad, there your Courage is humble;

"Still dull with your Spouse, and still gay with another,

"You make ev'ry Whore but your poor Wife a Mother.

Oh you treacherous Knave!

Oh you Villain! you Slave!

Two of Hercules's Children sing in a crying Tone.

Heh! hoh! pray, Sir, pray now come!

With my Mother pray go home.

A Boy. All Night she makes her Moan,

She cannot lie alone.

As in her Arms I lay,

The Night you went away,

She sigh'd, and, with a Tear,

Cry'd, oh wou'd it were my Dear.

A Girl. She o'er her Pillow weeps,

And hugs it as she sleeps;

Then, waking, with a Tear,

Crys, Wou'd it were my Dear,

Both together. Heh! hoh! pray Sir, pray now come;

With my Mother pray go home.

Here. Behold the Blessings of a married Life,
 In bawling Children, and a scolding Wife!
 "Poor Husbands the Noise of their Vexons must fly,
 "If *Juno* but scold, ev'n *Jove* leaves the Sky.
 Like Furies they bellow, and rave, if we stray,
 Yet still by their Clamours they drive us away:
 "With Dragons and Devils I'd venture a Strife,
 "But I dare not encounter that greater, my Wife.

[*Hercules offers to go.*

Dejanira holding him.

Stay cruel Man; and e're you fly me,
 E're I my latest Farewel take,
 Oh do not one poor Wish deny me!
 Wear this more proper Garment for my sake!

[*She shews him a Vest and Shirt.*

Herc. Well, since you're milder, I comply. [*Exit to put on the Shirt and Vest.*
One of Hercules's Children dances for joy that her Father is putting on the Shirt,
which Dejanira has been told will restore her his Love. Then Herc. re-enters.

Herc. Your Vest is on; Thanks, Wife! and so god b'w'ye

At Night Arrears I'll satisfy.

[*They all go out except Hercules.*

Hercules feeling a sudden Heat.

'Tis warm,—'tis hot,—'tis wondrous hot—
 I'm scorch'd—I fry—I burn— Oh strip me— Give me Air—
 The stubborn Vest obeys me not:

I cannot bear it—

Let me tear it,

Tho' with my Flesh, my Heart and Soul I tear.

In vain I strive; the Bosom-Traytor cleaves the more,
 And spreads a more than Hell thro' every sucking Pore.

And now the flaming Poison gains

My Nerves, my Veins,

My Lungs, my Heart, my Brains—

Help! Water! Rivers! pour a Flood!

A Deluge scarce will quench the Fire that drinks my Blood.

He sinks on the Ground.

Ah me! Ah, poor *Alcides*! wretched Man!

I sink, I faint, I die with Pain.

He starts up suddenly.

Now with ten thousand Stings I suffer Life again.

"Run, haste, bid *Neptune* bring the Sea

"To save the World and me.

Wake sleeping *Jove*; 'Tis I that call.

Collect the Clouds, and squeeze 'em into Show'rs;

Or quench the Flame which thy Son's Heart devours

With thy less dreadful Thunder's fall.

"Rouze, idle Tenants of the Sky!

"Must I implore, and you deny?

Rouze; or on my own Fires I'll fly;

I'll dash to Air your Beings with a Stroke,
 And, firing Ocean, Earth and Sky,
 Entomb the World in everlasting Smoke.
 See! Trembling Heav'n afflicts for fear.
 Behold a Fire! I'll cool me there——

[A Poetical Heaven appears in Perspective, and a Fire under it,

Flames quench my Flames——Hark! From the Heavenly Hall

I hear the beck'ning Thund'rer call——

I hear the Musick of the Skies——

[He flings himself into a Fire.

I come, I mount, my Spirit flies,

While my maternal Earthy Being dies.——

[He dies,

*The Attendants who sometimes appear'd during Hercules's Complaint, and were
 frighted away by his Rant, return towards the End of his Rapture; and when
 'tis over, begin the following grand Chorus.*

Grand Chor. Rejoice; Alcides lives on high:
 Thus Heroes claim their Kindred Sky.
 Thro' Fiery Tryals thus the Soul must fly.
 He ever lives who does not fear to dye.

The End of the Masque.

 A C T IV.

The Unfortunate Couple.

A short Tragedy.

 S C E N E *Lyons.*
Dramatis Personæ.
Grammont, A Man of Quality.
Mr. Betterton.
Elvira, His Lady.
Mrs. Barry.
Dampierre, His Kinsman. Mr. Freeman.
Lysette, Elvira's Woman. Mrs. Lawson.
Leonora, Grammont's Sister. M^{rs}. Boman.
La Roche, Grammont's Servant.

 S C E N E *A House.*
Enter Dampierre, with a Letter in his Hand.
Dam.
L

Ust of Revenge! Mad Child of slighted Love!
 Thou driv'st me, like thy Parent, to this House;
 But not with Hopes so sweet. Yet I must on.
Elvira, lov'd by me, has cast me from her,

With insolent Reproof,

And all the Spight of a damn'd vertuous Wife.

She may complain of me to her *Grammont*. I must prevent her.

For sav'ing me, her Woman must to morrow

Be turn'd away: But we've this Night to plot.

The Creature's as revengeful too as I.

So when my cred'lous Kinsman *Grammont* comes

To his fond Wife to Night, with this false Letter

She shall foraise the Jealousie I've kindled,

That Mischief will be great, and I reveng'd.

Enter Lysette.

Lys. Well, Sir, the Letter.

Dam. There—'Twas writ to me,

[*Gives it her.*]

To come to her, before she knew I lov'd her:

But I've torn out my Name, and part of it:

Tear the rest with your Teeth when *Grammont* meets you.

Thus if he looks on't here and there a Word,

Back'd

Back'd with your feign'd Surprize will make him think
'Twas sent to *Montigny*, as you must tell him.

Lys. Enough ; go in ; leave me to watch his coming.

Dam. Succeed ; *Dampierre* has Gold waits to reward thee.

Enter Grammont, and a Page before him with a Flambeau.

[*Exeunt.*

Gram. Business, unlucky Business, long has kept me
From my *Elvira*. Tho' all late as 'tis,
Methinks some dark ill-boding Fancy seems
To tell me, 'tis too early yet, to seek
Those Joys I ever found in her dear Arms.
A strange unusual Damp has seiz'd my Soul ;
And I, who use with eager Joy to fly
To my *Elvira*, have now scarce the Strength,
Or Will, indeed, to move one step that way.
Oh *Dampierre* ! *Dampierre* ! what was thy Design !
Since I left thee, my working Thoughts have been
In a perpetual hurry : Thou, alas !
Hast poison'd all my dearest Joys,
And in my troubled Mind laid the Foundation
Of eternal Doubts ! Perplexing, gnawing, killing Doubts !
And yet, I know thee, *Dampierre*, base, of a poor, mean,
Low Spirit too, and so capable of any Mischief.
Why then should'st thou gain Credit with *Grammont* ?
No, from my Memory henceforth I chase
Thee, and each Thought of thy base Treachery.
Grammont's too happy in a virtuous Wife
And gen'rous Friend — But, hark ! What Noise is that ?

[*A noise of opening a Door, and Lysette enters, who seeing Grammont, pretends to avoid him, he stops her ; and turning up her Hood, sees her tearing a Letter with her Teeth.*

Oh ! 'tis the Door opens. Hah ! Who art thou that steal'st away
Soguiltily ! Nay, I must see — *Lysette* ! Whither away
At this unseasonable Time of Night ?
And what Paper's that thou mumblest so ?

Lys. Alas ! I am undone ! Pardon me, Sir ! O pardon me, I beseech ye.

Gram. Wou'dst have me pard'n thee e'er I know thy Fault ?

Confess, and then perhaps thou may'st deserve it.

Lys. O never, never ! All that I desire
Is, that you wou'd be so just as to believe
Me only guilty ; for on my Life my Lady's innocent.

Gram. Hah ! Thy Lady ! Speak what of her ?

Lys. Why, she, I do declare to all the World,
Is innocent, by all that's Good she is !

Nay, were I to die next minute,
My Tongue shou'd end my Story with that Truth.

Gram. I ask not of her Innocence ; but tell me,
And tell me truly, as thou hop'st for any Mercy from me,

Whither

Whither we'ret thou stealing with that Letter, and what were the Contents of it?

Lis. For Heav'n's sake, and for your own, Sir, press me no further.
Hereon my Knees I beg you wou'd not.

Gram. Hah! do'st thou dally with me?
Come, speak quickly, or, by Heav'n thou dy'st.

Lis. Do with me what you please; but force me not,
I do beseech you, to a Confession, that——

Gram. What? Speak, I say; tell me what was that Paper?
To whom directed, and from whom?

Lis. Alas, I die for fear.

Gram. If thou continu'st obstinate,
Not all the World shall save thee from my Fury.

Lis. It was——

Gram. What was it? Speak, I say.

Lis. It was a Letter.

Gram. From whom?

Lis. It was a Letter from my Lady——

Gram. Well said; to whom?

Lis. To—— Yet Sir, excuse me, I conjure you.

Gram. Ah! more trifling! Out with it boldly, or——

Lis. 'Twas to *Montigny*, Sir; your best and dearest Friend *Montigny*.

Gram. To *Montigny*? was it to *Montigny*, that *Elvira* sent thee

With that Letter, at this unseasonable Hour?

Lis. It was: But why shou'd that so much disturb you?

A petty Quarrel parted 'em in the Evening,
When, tho' *Montigny* humbly su'd for Pardon,
She would not grant it, till at last, good Lady,
Repenting her Severity, she cou'd not rest,
Till she had giv'n him an Assurance under
Her Hand, that what he then so earnestly
Desir'd, was now as freely granted; and——

Gram. Peace, Screech owl! Peace, thou rank Messenger of Lust!

By Heav'n I know not why I do not kill thee.

Hence from my Sight! away!

[Exit *Lysette*.]

But which Way now, wretched *Grammont*, wilt thou
Direct thy wand'ring Steps? Where e'er thou goest
Destruction, Horror, and Amazement will attend thee.

Thy faithful Ears, deaf to all other Tales,
Will turn each Sound into this one sad Story,
Elvira's false, *Adontigny*'s false; and now
Grammont's become the Scorn of all the World.

Oh, 'tis too much for Mortal Man to bear.

By Heav'n I'll make my sad and just Revenge

As signally notorious as my Wrongs.

But hush. Be still y'unruly Passions of

My Mind; and think *Grammont*, that to revenge

Is but the way to publish thy Disgrace.

Patience then, oh Patience ! grant me, just Heav'n, more Patience ;
 Or take from me that little I am yet Master of ;
 And in Return, bless me with Madness, eternal Madness ;
 Madness without one Minute's Interval of Sense.
 Grief, Rage, Despair, possess my tortur'd Mind.
 Make me but mad, ye Gods, and you'll be kind.

Enter Dampierre and Lysette.

Dam. So, all goes well. I watch'd, and heard, and joy'd.

Lyf. Yes, yes, all yet goes wondrous well indeed ;
 But what the End will be, for my part I can't guess.

Dam. No matter : Let there be no End at all,
 But that which puts an End to all things ; Death.
 Oh, may Confusion, Rage, Despair,

And everlasting Jealousie attend 'em to their Graves.

Lyf. Amen, say I ; But yet suppose they shou'd at last come
 To a right Understanding ; what wou'd become of me, I pray ?
 Were it not better, think you, to decamp
 In time, and leave 'em to themselves ?

Dam. By no means ; that wou'd make 'em presently
 Smell out thy Roguery and their own Error.

Rather be more diligent, and more assiduous
 In your Attendance now than ever.

Consult their Looks : For till you find the Weather
 Clearing there, you need not fear a Storm.

And then at last it will be time enough to fly.

In the mean time, here, Thou hast been

Industrious, and do'st deserve Encouragement.

[Offers her a Pair of Gloves.]

Lyf. A paltry Pair of Gloves, I'll warrant you. Foh ! I'll have none of 'em.

Dam. Away ; Thou art a Fool ; and know'st not what

Thou hast refus'd. They are, I tell thee,

Gloves of the richest Scent ; Besides, each Finger

Is lin'd with Gold : Here wear 'em for my sake.

Lyf. Well, for once I care not if I do ; the cordial Gold

Perhaps may keep my Spirits up, and give me

Strength to bear the Brunt of all. Adieu, Sir.

[Exit Lysette.]

Damp. She shall not tell me as she told her Mistress.

Those Gloves, how rich so'er their Scent may seem,

Yet once well heated in the Hand, will cast

A strong and deadly Smell most fatal to the Brain ;

A Poison sudden in its Operation.

So thou, poor Fool *Lysette* hast thy Reward.

Thus Caution dooms some dang'rous Tool of State,

Lest Petty Villains shou'd betray the Great.

[Exit Damp.]

Enter Grammont follow'd by Elvira.

Elv. Oh Grammont ! Nay, turn not, turn not, cruel Man, away ;

But look upon thy poor disconsolate

Elvira, almost drown'd in Tears : Oh speak !

Oh speak at last, and let her know wherein
 She has been faulty or unfortunate
 Enough to merit this hard Usage from her much lov'd *Grammont*.

Gram. Art thou *Elvira*?

Elv. Why do'st thou ask that unkind Question?

Gram. Because *Elvira* ever lov'd *Grammont*;

And so cou'd never be a Trouble to him.

But thou alas! art most importunate.

Prithee be gone, thou art not *Elvira*,

Not the same *Elvira*; that I'm sure of.

Elv. Yes, I am the very same I ever was;
 The very same *Elvira* still, on whom
 With dearest Transports thou did'st once bestow
 Ten thousand Vows of everlasting Love.

Gram. Forbear, forbear, *Elvira*, and re-call
 Not to my Memory those happy Days,
 In which I dearly lov'd, and thou we're kind.

Elv. If in *Elvira's* Love thou once we're blest,
 Why art thou not so still?

Gram. Oh *Elvira*! All things are strangely alter'd since that time.

Love once was pure; and Friendship sacred held;

Yet now the one is little else but Lust,

The other all Design. Vertue is fled,

And Vice reigns now triumphant in each Sex.

We are all wondrous weak, alas, and frail.—Oh——!

Elv. Alas, what means that sad and dismal Groan,

By Grief extorted from thy Manly Breast?

Thou can'st not sure be so unjust, as to

Suspect my Love? Yet if thou art,

Speak, I conjure thee; but speak plainly then,

And not in unintelligible Groans.

Speak, cruel Man, oh speak, do I not love thee?

Am I false? Oh may *Elvira* live no longer

Than with a Passion innocent and pure

She loves her dear *Grammont*.

Gram. What pity 'tis our Hearts are not expos'd

To open View, as are our Faces, that

So, ev'n our most private Thoughts might all

Appear naked and bare, as at their first

Conception, e're dress'd up in ornamental

Words of a much different Import!

Elv. Ah, cou'd'st thou but see into my Heart,

Thou there wou'd'st soon perceive thy Errour

And my Innocence. But since my dear *Grammont*

That cannot be, believe my Words, believe

These Tears, believe my Actions. Oh see

I am here ready to receive thee still,

Rude and unkind, ungrateful and inhumane
 As thou art. Come then, come to these Arms,
 Ne'er yet stretch'd out to thee in vain.
 Wilt thou not come ? Not yet ? Thou can'st not sure
 Deny me now, when all I beg of thee,
 Is, that once more thou wou'd'st be happy.

Gram. Why shou'd'st thou desire Impossibilities?
 Alas, I never can be happy more.

Elv. Then must I be for ever miserable.
 Cruel Man, shew yet some small Remainder of Humanity.
 Be not so rash : Either accuse, or else acquit me ;
 But pass not Sentence on me ere I'm heard.

Gram. No ; Fear not too hasty or too hard
 A Sentence from my Mouth. False as thou art,
 I cannot hate where once I lov'd so well.
 Live then *Elvira*, live long ; but live
 A Stranger to *Grammont* ; and that thou may'st
 Live happily, wipe from thy Memory
 The dearest Passages of some few past Years ;
 And see thou quite forget there e'er was such
 A Wretch i'th' World as I am.

Elv. Hold ! oh hold !
 It is too much. Alas, insult not poorly
 O'er my Weakness, nor play the wanton with my Grief.
 Why do'st thou bid me live if it must be
 Without *Grammont* ? Why do'st thou wish me happy,
 When all my happiness, thou know'st depends upon thy Love ?
 Yet that, thou say'st, is forfeited, is lost to me for ever.
 Oh ! my *Grammont*, it is enough thou art unkind ;
 Be not unjust to thy *Elvira*. For Pity's sake grant something
 To the dear Memory of our mutual Love.
 And if thou know'st me false, tell me wherein,
 When, or with whom I have offended.

Gram. What Satisfaction wou'd it be to thee,
Elvira, shou'd I tell thee all ? Since all
 Alas ! can be no more than what thou know'st,
 As well at least, if not much better than
 My self ; In short I am convinc'd thou canst not
 Clear thy self ; and if so, consider, that
 A weak Defence is worse than none at all.
 Tempt me not then to speak, since 'twill but add
 To thy Confusion, and my Shame : But I would willingly
 Spare both as much as may be with my Honour.

Elv. Confusion, Shame, Contempt, and everlasting Infamy
 For ever be my Lot, if e'er I wrong'd
 Thy Love so much as in one guilty Thought.
 Oh my *Grammont*, my dear, my lov'd *Grammont*,

See thy *Elvira* on her tender Knees,
From whence she ne'er will rise, till she has learnt
The strange and fatal Cause of her Disgrace.

Gram. Away ; this thy affected Obstinacy
Would make me hate thee, were it possible,
Elvira ! Is it not enough that thou
Hast wrong'd my Honour, but that I my self
Must here repeat the shameful Tale,
Only to gratify thy wanton Curiosity ?
Perhaps indeed I know not half thy brave
Exploits ; so my imperfect Tale may yield thee
Some Diversion. But have a care ; The Cuckold yet
Bears his Misfortune patiently enough.
Make him not then thy sport : For, if thou do'st,
By Heav'n ! — Away, away, *Elvira*.

I would not be provok'd ; away, I say,
While yet I'm Master of my growing Passion.

Elv. Do what thou wilt, be rude, be cruel,
Be inhumane as thou hast been to the Poor

Elvira ; Yet while she has any Strength,
She never will let go this Hold, unless
Thou first communicate the fatal Secret.

Gram. Away, away, thou'lt force me to be rude.
Be not so strangely obstinate, alas !
I would be civil, tho' I can't be kind.

Elv. Barbarous Man ! Yet speak, what have I done ?

Gram. Will nothing then content thee ? Then thus
I throw thee off, and force my Way.

[Strives to get from her, and
drags her about the Stage.

Elv. And thus
I cling to thee close as the tender Ivy
To the sturdy Elm. Do, do, merciless
Grammont, do, pull, hale, tear, drag, nay kill me,
Yet I'll not willingly let go. But oh !
His cruel Strength prevails.

[He breaks from her.

Gram. Farewel thou most importunate of Women.

Elv. Stay, stay, my lost *Grammont* ; give me but one
Poor Minute more, and all is done. Fear not ;
I will no longer urge my Innocence.
It is enough that thou believ'st me false.
Oh, for thy own Repose, may'st thou for ever
Think me so !

Farewel, my dear unkind *Grammont*, farewell :
And when I'm dead, think what the poor *Elvira*
Would have done to have kept thy Love, who on
Her own tender Breast dares thus revenge the fatal Loss.

[She pulls out a Dagger and stabs her self.

Gram. Hold ! hold, *Elvira*, hold !

By Heav'n 'twas boldly done, and nothing cou'd
 Have giv'n so sure a Blow, but *Innocence*
 It self. Yes, my *Elvira*, every Drop
 Of that dear Blood, loudly proclaims to all
 The World thy Innocence, and my sad Guilt,
 Oh! Ye juster Pow'r's above, to what strange Fate
 Am I at last reserv'd! See, at thy Feet,
 My dear *Elvira*, the wretched'st Thing alive:
 A Thing unworthy of the Name of Man:
 A Penitent who dares not hope for Pardon
 Either from Heav'n or Thee; tho' both, alas!
 Are infinitely good and merciful.

Enter Leonora and La Roche.

Leon. Never did so much Joy as here we bring spring from sad so a Cause.
 Oh, Heav'n! Are all my dearest Hopes thus dash'd?
 Oh Brother, who has done this bloody Deed?

Elv. 'Twas I; 'twas I my self, my Dear; weep not
 For me; but rather go and comfort, if thou can'st, the poor *Grammont*.

Leon. Oh *Grammont*!

Unfortunate *Grammont*, most grossly hast
 Thou been impos'd on by that Monster *Dampierre*.
 Know then, that Letter thought directed
 By *Elvira* to *Montigny*, and sent
 At that suspicious time of Night,
 Was but a Trick, a meer Device, the whole
 Only a Scene contriv'd by *Dampierre*, acted by *Lysette*.
 This Truth from her own Mouth we just now learnt,
 And she confirm'd it with her latest Breath:
 For she is dead, poison'd by *Dampierre*.
 Oh that we had known this some Minutes sooner!

Gram. Gods! What has this miserable Caitiff done
 To draw down all your Anger on his Head?
 What horrid Crimes before had stain'd his Soul,
 That you shou'd thus all at one fatal Blow
 Oppress the Wretch with your severest Judgements?
 Oh that some Mountain now wou'd fall on me,
 And in its dreadful Ruins crush my Head.
 But hark! Methinks the Gods grow loud, Hark! how
 Their awful Thunder grumbles in the Sky.
 See how the fiery Balls fly whizzing by,
 Dealing Amazement and Destruction all around!
 Ha, ha, ha, ha!

See yon old Miser laden with swelling Bags
 Of ill-got Gold, with how much awkward Haste
 He limps away to Shelter: See how he ducks,
 And dives, and dodges with the Gods, and all
 Only in hopes t'avoid, for some few Days

perhaps, the just Reward of his accurs'd Extortion.
 The hot Adult'rer now, all chill and impotent
 With Fear, leaps from the polluted Bed,
 And crams himself into a Cranny.
 Those Mighty Men of Blood, who make a Trade
 Of Murther, now forget their wonted Fierceness;
 Out-nois'd they shrink aside, and shake for fear
 O'th' louder Threatnings of the angry Gods!
 While I, I only, tho' the wicked'st Wretch of all,
 With an erected Countenance, stand to't,
 Courting those Dangers others seek to avoid.
 And yet there's not one Dart, one Bolt for me;
 Tho' I, Heav'n knows, deserve 'em all. Oh! [*He throws himself on the Ground.*]

Elv. Let not the Knowledge of my Innocence,
 My dear *Grammont*, add to thy Grief:
 Rather believe me guilty still. Alas!
 Thy gen'rous easie Nature was abus'd,
 Impos'd on, by a Kinsman's wicked Arts.
 Thou still art innocent, and so am I,
 Who freely can forgive thy greatest Faults.
 Come then, *Grammont*, come to thy *Elvira*;
 And with a Kiss, a cold and dying Kiss,
 I'll seal thy Pardon.

Gram. My dear *Elvira*, this thy prodigious
 Goodness does but encrease my Misery.
 Yet I will come, yes, my *Elvira*!
 With a down-dejected Countenance,
 Not daring to look up, but creeping thus,
 And crawling on the Earth, I do approach
 Thy Feet: Here spurn the vile Thing, tread, trample
 The miserable Insect into nothing.

Elv. Oh! my *Grammont*! yield not too much to Grief;
 It is a fatal, tho' a slow Disease.

Gram. I thank thee, dear *Elvira*, for that Hint:
 Now thou art kind, and giv'st me good Advice.
 Whoever wou'd endure an Age of Pain,
 When one such Blow as this, might give him present ease? [*Stabs himself.*]

Leon. Hold! oh hold, *Grammont*! Oh Heav'ns! what has he done!

La Ro. Too much, alas! tho' 'tis no more than what
 I apprehended from his just Despair.

Enter Dampierre.

Dam. by the Door. I've heard loud Cries: I hope *Grammont* has kill'd her.—
 So! Murther has been busie. I'll draw near,
 And with dissembled Pity mock their Woe.
 O dismal Sight! Oh horror! Poor *Elvira*!
 Wretched *Grammont*! Curs'd be the fatal Cause
 Of this most sad Mischance!

[*He comes close by 'em.*]

Gram.

Gram. Then, Villain, die!

[*Grammont kills him with the Dagger.*]

Dam. Oh! Death and Hell! I'm kill'd.

Gram. The Murth'rer of our Joys has his Reward:

'Twas needful Mischief: We may kill a Monster,
Tho he resists not.

Dam. How am I a Monster?

Leon. Think on *Lysette*! She's dead,
But first discover'd all.

Dam. Curs'd be her Tongue, and thine; curs'd my *Italian*,
For his unprofitable lingring Poison;

And yet more curs'd my self for trusting either.

I'm fitted——Oh, Revenge! too fierce Revenge!

Thy Sweets, like Love's, soon, when enjoy'd, grow bitter:

Like Guns o'er-charg'd, thou hurt'st the Hand that fir'd thee.

I'm dying—— Oh! I wou'd, but can't repent.

Hah! there's a dreadful Gulph!—— I'm on the brink——

Oh! now I'm falling, and for ever sink.

[*Dies.*]

Elv. Where, where art thou, my *Grammont*?

A rising Mist has on a sudden snatch'd

Thee from my sight. Alas! I faint; I die.

(*She dies.*)

Gram. She's gone; and all my Comfort is, that I

Shall quickly follow. Yes, this sight wounds

Deeper than the sharpest Dagger. I come,

I come, *Elvira*; my aspiring Soul

Begins to mount; not to o'er-take, but at

An awful distance to attend and wait

On thine above, in those blest Regions of eternal Peace.

[*He dies.*]

Leon. Alas, he's gone! Oh! I've scarce Pow'r to speak it.

If Grief will let me live, I will attend

Them to the Earth, and give 'em both one Grave:

And as with Tears their Story I relate,

Teach happy Lovers to avoid their Fate:

Nor rashly to despair, nor Sland'ers trust,

Since Heav'n at last ne'er fails to right the Just.

The End of the Tragedy.

A C T. V.

Natural MAGIC.

A Short Farce,

After the *ITALIAN* manner.

The PERSONS.

<i>Pantalone</i> , an old Miser.	Mr. Trefuses.	<i>Mezzetin</i> , <i>Pantalone's</i> Man.	Mr. Knap.
<i>Cynthia</i> , in love with <i>Isabella</i> .	Mr. Arnold.	<i>Nicholas</i> , a Clown.	Mr. Trout.
<i>Pasquarel</i> , his Man.	Mr. Sorin.	<i>Columbina</i> , <i>Pantalone's</i> Maid.	Mrs. Lawfon.

Men personating the Devil, and his Subjects.

*Scene a Country-house near Naples.**Scene a Chamber, with a Bed in it ; a Table, Chairs, a Guitar and Chest.**Cynthia, Isabella, Mezzetin, Columbina, are discover'd, talking.*

Cin. Dear *Isabella*, forgive my Love the Trick it makes me put upon your cruel Uncle. You know, this House, and the Land about it, shou'd have been mine, but that he cheated my Father of it ; and unless we can fright him out of the Deeds, by making him believe the House is haunted, I must despair of being able to maintain you, as I wou'd the only Person that can make me happy.

Isab. I can forgive you any Thing but staying here now, my *Cynthia*: My Uncle is just coming to Bed ; he's but speaking to his Tenant.

Cin. That Tenant is my Friend, and keeps him in Talk on purpose : Knowing that your Uncle was to come this Evening from *Naples*, to take Possession of this Estate, we have contriv'd Traps and other Matters to carry on my Design ; and if it succeeds, *Colombina* and *Mezzetin* shall be so well rewarded.

Mez. Yes, with a damn'd Cudgel, if our Master Signor *Pantalone* catches you with us here.

Cin. Fear nothing : *Pasquarel*, my humble Spaniard, watches, and will give you timely Notice.

Col. You and he may be deceiv'd in that, as well as in your Design of making him pass for a Spirit : I fear he can't speak our Language well enough for that ; tho' I own he speaks it like a Devil.

*Enter Pasquarel.**Pas.* Sir, he's coming,*Mez.* Away.*Col.* We're undone, that Door is double lock'd.*[Colombina goes to open the other Door, and finds it shut.]*

Mez. There's no way but one to bring you off; bolt the Door to keep him out.
Colombina, off with that black upper Petticoat. You, Sir, must unbutton your Coat: 'Tis well 'tis black: Let me put it over your Head backwards, thus, inside-outwards. Now your Arms through the Side-slits. Now on with the Petticoat. Thus you'll look like a Fryar. Look grave. Leave the rest to me. *[Colombina's Petticoat is put on by Cinthio, and his Coat put over his Head, which exactly resembles a Fryar's Habit.]* Hah! he's here already. *[Knocking without.]*

Pas. What will become of me?*Mez.* An Eunuch if he sees thee.*Pas.* He shan't, if these Petticoats will hide me.*Col.* Hold, hold, I'll let no Body come there.*Pas.* That's a Lie. I must e'en get under that Table.*Pantalone without Knocks and Calls,* Open the Door!*[Pasquarel hides himself under the Table.]**Mez.* Oh! Sir, we dare not.*Pan.* Who has shut it?*Mez.* The Spirit.*Pan.* The Spirit's the Wind, you As.*Mez.* Now you may open.*[Opens the Door.]**Enter Pantalone.**Pan. entring.]* Where are these Fools that are afraid of Spirits? *[He starts, seeing Cinthio.]* Hah! what's that?*Mez.* Nothing but a reverend Father, Sir. Your Niece is afraid of the Spirits, which, they say, haunt the House; so she would not go to Bed without Confession.*Pan.* She's a credulous Fool. But no matter; 'tis well there are such, and unbelieving Knaves to keep 'em so. *Aside.]* Reverend Father, she's a stubborn Sinner; she would marry a beggarly Reprobate, who says I trick'd his deceas'd Father out of this Estate. Would I had him here! he shou'd feel the Vengeance of an Italian. Reprove her, Father; I leave her wholly to be guided by you.*Isa.* Since my Uncle is come into this Room, let your Reverence be pleas'd to walk into the next. *[Cinth. Isab. and Mezzetin, Exeunt.]**Pan.* Your Reverence's humble Servant.*Col.* Sir, here's a new Ruff was left for you: Pray try whether it fits, that it may be alter'd, if it does not: For you'll want it to morrow.*Pan.* Do so. *[She puts the Ruff on him, and it rises over his Head.]* Heigh day! The Devil's in it.*Col.* Ay, now it's about your Neck. *Aside.]* Oh! Sir, the Spirit that haunts this House, pulls it up.*Pan.* Bless me! But I'll try to pull it down. *[Pasquarel attempts to get out, but Pantalone pulls the Ruff down, and Pasquarel is forc'd to run under the Table again.]**Pan.* So! 'tis off. Let the Devil put it on for me. *[He throws the Ruff down, and says a Letter, which he takes up.]* Hah! what's that? A Letter.*Col.* I fear Isabella drop'd it. *Aside.]* Don't touch it, Sir; sure the Devil laid it there: 'Twill burn you.*Pan.* Let's see the Light! I'll put on my Spectacles, and read it.*Col.* He must not. I'll make my Words good, and set it on Fire. *[Aside.]**[She sits it o' Fire.]**Pan.*

Pan. This Candle gives a pretty good Light. [*Having read a little.*] Cot so, my Fingers itch. Hell and the Devil! it burns me.

[He let's it drop, and it burns to Ashes.

Col. I told you so, Sir: Some unlucky Devil dropt it.

Pan. There was something of Fires and Flames in it.

Col. No wonder then if it burn'd so. Oh! I dare not stay here. [*Exit. Colom.*

Pan. I don't know what to think of all this! But come what will, I'll not abate a Penny of the Rent. I'll e'en go too, and try whether the Father-Confessor can see Things to right.-----Stay; is not that the Devil at my Heels? [*Looks back, and sees Pasquarel come with great Strides, he starts; Pasquarel makes odd Postures; frights him, trips up his Heels, and runs out.*] Help, help! Mezzerin! Colombina!

Enter Colombina.

Col. What's the Matter, Sir?

Pan. Did not you see it?

Col. What, Sir?

Pan. The Devil, the Spirit.

Col. I saw nothing.

Pan. Oh! I am cripp'd. Where's the Father-Confessor?

Col. He's gone, Sir.

Pan. What shall I do? I dare not lie alone. *Colombina*, prethee lie with me to Night.

Col. Fy, Sir; such a wicked Thing would raise the Devil certainly.

Pan. But this is no such dangerous Devil neither: I dare say, he'll do thee no Harm.

Col. No; nor no Good neither, I dare say. Get your Man *Mezzerin* to lie with you.

Pan. No, he's a Cow-hearted Rascal.

Enter Nicholas.

Col. There's *Nicholas*, your Farmer's Man! He's a stout Fellow.

Nic. Cra' mercy; and God speed the Plough! I thought I had heard an Outcry.

Pan. So thou didst. The Spirit has broke my Bones.

Nic. Oh! is that all? Mary 'tis well he ha'n't broke your Neck.

Pan. He cannot, *Nicholas*: The Devil has no Power but on those that have sold themselves to him: Now I han't sold my self to the Devil.

Nic. Troth, I don't know. You old Pinch-pennies are like your Wenches, and your Court-Folks, they say; you'd sell any thing for Money.

Pan. Well, wilt thou lie with me, honest *Nick*?

Nic. An't please you, I'm no proud Man; I had rather lie with yon' Wench.

Col. What are you afraid of Spirits too?

[Exit Colombina.]

Nic. Not I; but many a one has been trust up for being in bad Company. What if old *Nick* should mistake in the Dark, and carry young *Nick* away in stead of his Worship.

Pan. Thou needst not fear: Didst thou ever give thy self to the Devil?

Nic. What need I? I'm no married Man.

Pan. Then thou'rt safe enough: The Devil has no Pow'r over thee.

Nic. Why are you then so afraid?

Pan. I! I a'n't afraid. But 'tis good to have Company.

Nic. Why, I've heard our Curate say, An Usurer's never alone; Gold and the Devil (God bless us) are always in his Company.

Pan. Come, you must lie with me; for I will not lie by my self.

Nic. Stay; I'm thinking of a rare Bedfellow for you.

Pan. Sayst thou so? Prethee who is it?

Nic. Why, our Master's Wife. I dare say she'll deny no Man. Then she must needs be a plaguy good Body; for he has bid the Devil take her these Ten Years, yet the Devil don't care to muddle with her.

Pan. Come, lie with me; thou dost not know what I'll do for thee.

Nic. No, nor never shall, I'll warrant. But if I must come, let's e'en pig together quickly o' God's Name; for I'm e'en as sleepy as our Neighbour's Dog, that lean'd his Head on the Wall to bark.

Pan. Draw the Window-Curtains, and we'll go Bed.

Nic. A Match, quoth *Joane*, when she lay with her Master.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to a Garden.

Enter Mezzetin with a Ladder and a Lanthorn.

Mez. Here I must fix this Ladder, to get into our old Hunks's Apartment, that *Cynthio's* Devils may get in to fright him. [He sets the Ladder by the Balcony.

Enter Pasquarel, like a Monkey, on all four.

Mez. Hah! what's that? Some English Maltiff? No, they have not such long Tails. Oh! 'tis the Devil himself. [Mez. runs out.

Pas. Mezzetin! Mezzetin! So I have frighted one Fool away! I find I shall pass unsuspected in this Monkey's Dress and Face (tho' I've seen some here pretty much like it) but he must be subtiler than a Monkey that will work an Usurer to refund. This way I must get in: But first I'll try whether I have my Monkey's Tricks perfect. [He jumps up and down, chatters, scratches himself, and does many pleasant Tricks, like a Monkey. Then he goes up the Ladder through the Rounds in and out, winding and screwing up his Body round in a very strange manner. Being got up to the top, he fancies he hears some Noise, and lets himself slide down at once.] A good quick way of coming down! I thought I had heard some Noise! But 'twas nothing, I think. I'll up again. [He gets up the Ladder again.

Pantalone in the Balcony with a Light, looking about.

Pan. Is all fast? [Pasquarel hits his Head against Pantalone.] Hah! the Devil--- [Exit Pantalone.

Pas. Of a Miser. [He gets down, with his Head foremost, winding and screwing down his Body through the Rounds very fast, and in a more surprizing manner than when he got up.] This was a new way of coming down! Well, I've frighted him away too, I hope. I'll scale the Wall once more. [He gets up, and goes into the Balcony.] Now good Night t'ye. Exit Monkey, Enter Devil. [Exit Pasq.

SCENE a Chamber, Nicholas snoring in a Corner.

Enter Pantalone, with a Light.

Pan. Oh! deliver me from the Devil and his Ape's Tricks! *Nicholas!* The Clown snores so loud, I wonder the Noise of his own snoring don't wake him. Why *Nicholas!* [Pushes him.

Nic. Can't you let a Body sleep, you old fat Sow? [Pushes Pantalone again.

Pan. He dreams! Why *Nicholas*, I've seen the Devil in the Shape of an old Woman, just like an over-grown Monkey.

[*Nicholas all along answers yawning, and rubbing his Eyes.*
Nic. What, d'you say, you're as apish as an old Monkey? I know it, Dame: I can say no more to you now. You've had enough for one Night, I think.

Pan. Why, you dreaming Sor; I'll awake you. [Pant. strikes him.

Nic. What's that for? Can't you let me make an end of my Dream?

Pan. I've seen the Devil.

Nic. Why, then, bid him good Night for me.

Pan.

Pan. He's a coming.

Nic. Let him, o' God's Name. I've the Key of the Door in my Pocket.

Pan. But he'll get in through the Key-hole.

Nic. What do I care? I ha'n't sold my self to the Devil.

Pan. How long must you be awaking, you Dolt?

Nic. Ay, ay, Forsooth.

[Rises, rubs his Eyes, and answers still yawning.]

Pan. The Looby sleeps as he stands.

Nic. Ay, and stands as he sleeps.-----To Morrow, Dame, upon a Hay-Cock.

Pan. Go to Bed, you Lump.

Nic. Ay, and thank you too; I'll go sleep out my Sleep, and make an end of my Dream.

[Nic. gets into Bed.]

Pan. I'll go to Bed too; but I'll not venture to strip. I'll lay by me my Dagger, my Pistol, and my Holy-water Pot. *[Lays them on a Stool by the Bed-side.]* Thus, like a prudent modern Zealot, I'll trust to the Spiritual Arms, when the Carnal Weapons by.

Enter Pasquarel with a dark Lanthorn, he blows out the Candle.

Pan. Bless me, my Candle's out! I must crawl to the Chimny for a Fire-brand.

[He goes to get a Brand.]

Pas. Hah! I'll secure these dangerous Tools: Exchange is no Robbery. *[He looks about and takes up a Bolonia Sawdige, a Mouse-trap, and a Pot of Mustard; then lays 'em in the Place of the Dagger, Pistol, and Holy-water.]*

Re-enter Pantalone with a Fire-brand.

Pan. So, I've got one; I'll blow to light the Candle.

Pas. I'll spare you that Labour. *[He gets his Head through Pantalone's Arms (blows the Cole, and lights the Candle)]*

Pan. Mercy o' me! What's that? *[He sees Pasquarel, who having lighted the Candle stares him in the Face, making strange Grimaces, as he withdraws his Head from under Pantalone's Arms.]* Oh! the Devil blows the Coal. *[He lets it fall, and lays the Candle down.]* My Guitar's yonder; I'll try to play a Tune; perhaps that will drive away the Evil Spirit. Here's a Chair. I'll sit; for I tremble so I can't stand. *[Pasquarel jumps into the Chair, and places himself like a Chair; and Pantalone takes the Guitar, sits on him; and then strikes the strings.]* 'Tis out of Tune, and so am I too. *[Pasquarel untunes it as fast as he tunes it.]* What ails the Guitar? One String gives all manner of Sounds! Oh, now 'tis pretty well. *[Pasquarel puts his Arms under those of Pantalone, and plays.]* Oh! oh! 'tis bewitcht I think. *[He rises, looks about, shakes the Guitar, looks under the Chair, and shakes it; and in the mean time Pasquarel gets out.]* I can see nothing. *[He sits again, plays a little; and Pasquarel walks on his Hands, and frights him.]* Oh! I play, and the Devil Dances; sure the Devil has ne're a Head, or 'tis where the Tail should be.

[Exit Pasq. having first blow'd out the Candle.]

Mezzetin within, in a hollow Voice.

Thus shalt thou be plagu'd while alive; and then thou shalt burn for ever, unless thou restorest the Deeds to *Cynthia*.

Pan. Oh good, Mr. Devil, I'll do't, if I live-----till Doomday.

[Aside.]

Mez. Then I'll haunt thee no more.

Pan. Nicholas!

Nic. Hush! I'm asleep.

Pan. within] Why Nicholas.

Enter Nicholas.

Nic. Odlooks, don't I tell you, I'm asleep? What's the matter now?

Pan. Oh the Devil has been here! Is he gone?

Nic. Nay, look your self: I don't care to look after the Devil.

Pan.

Pan. He's gone.

Nic. Well, this same Devil is a main honest Man; thus he always comes, they say, to make Folks honest, and destroy his own Religion.

Pan. Why, thou Fool, dost thou think I'll give up an Estate of Two thousand Ducats a Year, for a little Imp's Tricks? No, *Nicholas*; he can't do me so much harm, as this Land will do me good. I dare him, I defy him. Oh law! Is not that he? No. I scorn to fear him----- [*Mezzetin like a Ghost, hid under a Shroud, peeps in.*] That is, when he is far enough off.

Enter Mezzetin, like a Ghost, with a Torch in his Hand.

Mez. Give me up my Deeds.

[*Exit Mezzet.*]

Pan. Ah, sure, that's old *Cynthio's* Ghost. I must guard my self from that Enemy of mine, with this good Dagger. [*He gropes about in the dark for the Table, snatches up the Saucidge, and finds his Mistake.*] Bleis me! the Dagger's chang'd into a *Bolonia-Saucidge*! However, I'll venture to keep that for my Breakfast! But I think I feel my Pistol, I'll keep him off with that. [*His Fingers are caught in the Moufetrapp.*] Oh! hoh! the Devil bites my Fingers off! Hah, what's this? My Pistol's turn'd to a Moufetrapp! But, sure he dares not meddle with the Holy Element! Oh no! here 'tis. I'll cross my self. [*Crosses himself out of the Mustard-pot.*] Pshaw! what's this? It offends my Nose. Deliver me! 'Tis Mustard, or something worse! Oh, I'm dead with Fear.

Nic. Oh say your Prayers, Sir; say your Prayers.

Pan. So I would; but it is so long since I said 'em, that I've quite forgot 'em. Say yours.

Nic. I can't; I have trusted to our Curate, who lost to me ten Years-prayers at All-Fours. Oh, I've been a great Sinner; but Yesternight I thresh'd little black *Mary* in the Stable, while her poor Husband was threshing in the Barn.

Pan. Oh!

Re-enter Mezzetin, like a Ghost.

Mez. If thou restorest not the Land to *Cynthio*, to Morrow, thou shalt be like me.

Pan. Oh I will, I will, Mr. Ghost, and fourfold what I've cheated others of.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Nic. Hold, Master! Wowns! don't promise so much; you'll be undone.

Pan. Tush, Fool; now the Danger's over, I'll not give up the worth of a Notch'd Hoop-stick, or a cast Poet's day. No, not a single Piece----

A Figure like a Devil arises.

Pan. For I'll give up a great many. Oh! save me!

Nic. Oh! this is the ugliest Thing we've had yet. He's coming! Oh, if he shou'd kill me, I ne're shall be my own Man again. Oh let me alone, Mr. Devil; as I hope to be sav'd, I'll be bound to pray for your Worship all Days of my Life. Confession! Absolution! Oh good Devil, give me but three or fourscore Years to Repent, and take any Body else: There are a great many Whores and Whoremongers, hereabouts.

Devil. Give up the Deeds to *Cynthio*; or prepare to meet me to Morrow at this Time, for I'll Fight with thee for them.

[*Sinks with a Flash.*]

Pan. Oh, he's gone: I was sadly afraid he would have left his Glove.

Nic. Why, will you Fight him?

Pan. No, I'm old; then he's no Gentleman! Do thou meet him, I'll reward thee to Heart's Content.

Nic. Not I; I a'n't of his Match. Do you! I fancy an old Usurer's a Match for the Devil.

Enter

Enter Mezzetin in his own Dress, and Colombina.

Mex. Oh, Sir! We dare not go to Bed: There have been strange Doings since we left you: Rattlings of Chains; Flashes of Light: Some Imps, or sucking Devils overturn'd all the Pewter, Bottles, Glasses, Pans and Kettles; laugh'd aloud, and throw'd each of us a piece of Mony, went away, and broke---Nothing.

Pan. Make me thankful. Let's see the Piece. Sirrah, you shall keep nothing of theirs.

Mex. They hit me half a dosen Slaps o' the Face too, thus and thus: Make you thankful, Sir.

Pan. How, you Rogue?

Mex. Sir, you'll have me keep nothing; and then this is to show you how they did. But, Sir; there's a Spanish Capitan, who has been seeking Mischief and the Devil in *Savoy, Catalonia* and *Flanders*, very unluckily these Eight Years, and comes here to find him: Here he comes.

Enter Pasquarel, like a Capitan: He stalks along in strange Postures, with large Strides.

Pas. Senor, I am the renown'd *Don Mezzamorto de los Redomontados*: Glory's my Chace; Fighting my Business; and Killing, my Diversion. Travelling in the Dark (for I defy Danger) I lost my Men, and my way. I have been seeking the Devil both in the Old World and the New, resolv'd to find him in This, or in the Next---I am for *Rome*; for that, they say, is the likeliest Place to find him; but, hearing you have him in this House, I honour it with my Presence; to let that Devil know, he's a Son of a Whore, to make me seek him thus long: I, who send him such Crowds of Souls; the whole College of Physicians scarce send him more.

Pan. Nay, he's an uncivil Person, that's the Truth on't.

Pas. Tell that Devil, I'm more a Devil than he.

Pan. Oh, Sir, you're most heartily welcome. Wou'd you had been here a little sooner; you might have told him so your self. But by to Morrow you'll have your With; nay, perhaps to Night.

Pas. I'll stay, and Face him; and with this Sword, with which I kill'd *Catinat*---

Pan. Why *Catinat* is alive still, Sir.

Pas. Blood and Death! not the *Catinat* I kill'd.

Pan. Very true, Sir: I beg your Excellence's Pardon.---A bloody Fellow. [*Aside.* Signore, to refresh you, my People shall serve a Collation. *Mezzetin*, some Fruit, some Liquors and Sweat-meats, to refresh the Capitan; quick. [*Exit Mezzet.*

Pas. Hold! If I stay, I must have a Thing that's pretty hard to be got, to stay with me.

Pan. What's that, Sir?

Pas. A Virgin! Such a one she must be, that the Devil may have no Power over her.

Pan. Dost hear, *Colombina*?

Col. Not I; but what shou'd I stand here for?

[*Going.*

Pan. The Capitan wants a Virgin.

Col. Why, he does not want me.

Pas. Art thou a Virgin?

Col. I---I---am---not---to resolve you.

Pas. Death and Blood! Draw, some Body; for I will have Satisfaction.

Col. Indeed, Sir, I don't know, I am hard to be awak'd sometimes; I don't know what may be done, when I sleep. Let me go. [*Ex. Col. Nic. and Pan.*

Pas. Well, be or be nor; I'll act like all Husbands: At a venture, I'll secure thee, [*Exit Pasquarel, after her.*

Re-

Re-enter Mezzetin, with a Table and a Collation.

Mez. I must watch this *Spaniard*: I fear, this is rather a Plot to trick me out of my Mistress, than my old Master out of the Deeds. Here's a Table with Fruit; I'll place my Head in it through this Hole, so as to observe him. She may well think him half mad; and I'll palt him unseen, and put something in his Drink, shall make her think him quite so. But hush! they're coming.

Re-enter Pasquarel, with Colombina.

Col. Be pleas'd to sit, Sir.

Pas. Do you sit too. I hope she does not know me in this Garb.

[Aside.]

Col. In Obedience, I will. Be pleas'd to taste of this, Sir.

Pas. By my Sword, dear Creature, there's nothing here I would taste of but you.

Col. Sure, Sir, you would not eat me?

Pas. Yes, with Kisses.

Mez. Are you so sharp set? I'll spoil your Stomach! There's a Rogue! He's for taking my Copy-hold over my Head.

[In the Table, aside.]

Pas. Come, we're in *Italy*, where Opportunities are as welcome as they're scarce.

Col. Oh! Sir; but what if the Devil should come this moment?

Pas. Why, then I'd make that Devil hold the Candle to me, hold his Life of me, hold the Door for me; and hold himself contented. I'd make him tremble, like—

[Mezzetin shakes the Table, and boots like an Owl.]

Mez. Who, who, who, who, whoop!

Pas. Hah! what's that?

Col. Nothing but a silly Owl. What, does that make you tremble?

Pas. What I? I scorn to tremble. I must confess, it made me shake. But 'twas as the Lyon does; nothing but the Rousing up of my Courage; and now 'tis up, have at you.

[Offers to kiss and smuggle her.]

Col. Nicholas! Mezzetin! [softly.] I vow, Sir, I'll call louder! *Nicholas!*

Pas. Pox, that last was too loud: Now a well-bred Woman would have cry'd out so softly, that no Body would have heard her.

Enter Nicholas.

Nic. What's the matter there?

Col. Oh! nothing: I was only afraid of the Devil. Yet stay, or I'll go too.

Nic. I will, and thank you too.

[He sits on the Table rustically, and falls a munching.]

Pas. Why, do you fear? Does not this Sword secure you? *[Nic. looks on't.]* With this Nursing-Mother of Surgeons in my Hand, I took the Grand Visir, thus! *[Takes Nicholas by the Nose.]* I'll tell you how, at the Battle of *Argos*, my Courage and Conduct got the Day. There lay the Christians—There the Turks. These Sugar-plumbs the one; and these the other. Thus did I charge their Right; pow, pow, pow! There's a Colonel kill'd, with three Captains. Thus, they're taken off, and the Ranks clos'd. Then their Left comes on, pow, pow! There lie two Men slain; I take 'em off! Then thus I charge their main Body, pow, pow, pow, pow; and I rout and take 'em all Prisoners. *[He takes most of the Plumbs off; and from time to time Mezzetin pelt's him, at which he starts, and makes Grimaces.]*

Nic. Ay, but thus pow, pow, pow, you eat all. This is new-fashion'd Justice; some all, some none.

Pas. No, Fellow, tho' thou art Clay, I'll fairly give thee half. There's one for Me, one for Thee, and one for Me. One for Me, One for Thee, and one for Me. One for Me, one for Thee, and one for me.

Nic. Why, you take Two for my One: is this your fair half?

Pas.

Paf. Ay, was ever the King's Moyery otherwise paid in? Come, now let's drink a Glas.

Mez. There I watch'd you. [*As he lies hid in the Table, under the Fruit, he pours something out of a Viol into Pasquatel's Wine.*]

Paf. Confusion to all Cowards.

[*He drinks.*]

Nic. Hold, Master, don't curse your best Friends.

Col. Ay, were it not for Cowards, how wou'd half of you Men pass for Valiant?

Mez. Just as, were it not for Fools, half of you Women would pass for honest.

[*Aside.*]

Paf. [*He starts up suddenly, and makes strange Faces.*] I'm hot, I'll take the Air. To Horse, to Horse! Thus vaults the Soldier in his Landlord's Saddle.

[*He jumps on Nicholas's Back, taking him for a Horse. Nicholas Neighs and Winses.*]

See, see, how fast the brave Dutch Squadrons gallop. Bear me, Bucephalus, among the Billows! Oh! 'tis a noble Beast. What's that? I'll alight and catch it. A Maidenhead! Whip, 'tis gone! 'Twas nothing. Thus it went. Hey! Presto pass.

[*He passes very swiftly through the back of the Chair, then struts out.*] As if the old World modestly withdrew, and here in private had brought forth a new.

Nic. He's stark staring Mad; he raves and heaves and winds himself, like any Wench in Fits. Sure the Devil's got into his Womb. He's a playing's Christmascambols! Let's scamper and tell our Master.

[*Ex. Nic. and Colomb.*]

Mez. Wou'd I were well off now.

[*Aside.*]

Paf. Hah! I burn! Where am I? What Place is this? A Conventicle? How crowded 'tis with Whoremasters! Hah! Sure 'tis Hell. I know it by their Grinning. How! Vanity here! Vanity there! Vanity every where! What's that lean Thing? Poor Matrimony! See, see! Repentance treads on his Heels, and Cuckoldom rubs his Forehead. Hah! hah! hah! Who's that with a Face of the Colour of a Stock-jobbers Conscience? Hypocrisy! No, she's at Church. I know her now; 'tis Prosperpine. I'll have her, and make the Devil a Cuckold. Stay, I'll treat her first with Fruit.

[*Mezzetin, afraid of being seen and hurt, stirs in the Table, creeping off with it.*]

How! The Table moves. 'Tis Tantalus's Feast. Now by the Gods, by Pasquarel I swear, I'll be reveng'd and put out all Hells Fires, Till Fiends meet Fiends, and juggle in the Dark.

[*Exit.*]

[*Mezzetin runs cross the Stage with the Table about his Neck, and Exit.*]

Enter Pantalone with a B'underbust, and Nicholas meeting.

Pan. What's the matter? Is any Body robbing me here?

Nic. Oh, Sir, the Devil (God bless us) is certainly got into that same huffy Fellow, and he's driving him for ought I know into the next Pend, like any mad Swine.

Pan. I'm glad on't; then I hope we're rid of him.

Nic. Ay, Sir, I warrant you he's far enough by this Time. But there's a Neighbour of ours without says, he has a Bargain for your Worship.

Pan. What, at this time of Night? Bid him come in tho'. [*Exit Nicholas.*]

It must be some good Bargain, by the Hour 'tis brought at. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter Nicholas, with a large parcel of Plate up in a Cloth.

Nic. He won't be seen, Sir; but here's a parcel of Silver-Plate he wish'd me to bring you.

Pan. Leave it, and tell him, I thank him.

Nic. Not so fast, Robin; I bring it to be sold, Man. Why, there's enough of it to buy a score of Lordships, and debauch a whole County.

Pan. Sold! But where's there Money to buy it?

[*Nic. opens the Cloth, and Pan, looks on't, during a good part of the Scene.*]

H

Nic.

Nic. Thus it is now with these Mony-mongers ! They'll all tell you there's no Mony, yet they're always laying out.

Pan. Hark you ; your Ear : Was it stolen ? For then I must give accordingly.

Nic. No mary wa'n't it : 'Twas my Neighbour's old Master's, such another old Thief as your Worship : He damn'd himself to get, and his Heir wants to sell it to buy Earthen Ware, I think.

Pan. Oh ! if 'tis a young Heirs, he'll afford as good a Pennyworth, as if 'twere stolen. A prudent Age ! Men part with their solid Metal, to purchase brittle Earth ! What do you ask for't ?

Nic. Cheap enough ! Threescore and two Pence an Ounce.

Pan. Is that cheap ?

Nic. Ay, mary, is it : Some would give Threescore and ten, yet can't get enough on't.

Pan. Ay, but we Men of Mony know better Things : Come, I'll give you Fifty Crowns for't, all at a Lump.

Nic. Why, I cou'd have more at the Mint.

[Pantalone ties up the Plate again in the Cloth.

Nic. Ay, but when, my Friend ?

Nic. When ? Why not to Night, 'tis somewhat of the latest ; but after to Morrow. Good by t'ye.

[Going.

Pan. Come back, I'll give you Thirty Pistols for't.

Nic. No, I'll take no less than Forty.

Pan. Come then, I'll advance---Six-pence.

Nic. Keep your single Sice to buy a Halter. I'll take no less than Fourscore Crowns.

Pan. Well, come back, and take 'em. This Fellow's a Fool, and takes much less in Silver, than I bid him in Gold. *Aside.* Here's the Mony. [Gives him Mony.

Nic. Ay, but where's my Pair of Gloves ? Don't I know there's no good Jobb got now-a-days, but the Procurer gets a Spel ?

Pan. Ay, a Peasecods on't ! That sometimes amounts to half on both sides. [4th Come, I'll give thee---I'll give thee---

Nic. What will you gi' me ?

Pan. Thanks---And that's more than some will give for a good Turn.

Nic. Farewel and be Hang'd, that's twice Go'd buy. [Goes towards the Door, and changes the Cloth and the Plate for a Cloth just like it, full of Earthen Ware, &c. dextrously, that the Audience cannot perceive it.

Pan. Come, there's a Crown for thee.

Nic. A Crown ! I'll have Forty in one Word ; or you shan't have it.

Pan. Forty !

Nic. Ay, now I bargain for my self, Man.

Pan. Hang it ! Come, take 'em, here's the whole Sum. [Gives him the Mony.

Nic. And there's the whole Plate. [Gives him the Bundle.] Exit Nic.

Pan. What lumping Bargain's we get, now Mony's scarce ! Let's see mine again ! That's half the Pleasure of an Usurer. Sure 'tis worth above six hundred Crowns. [He opens the Cloth, and finds it full of coarse Earthen Ware.] Bless me ! Do I see, or no ?---No, sure I Dream---No, but I don't---Oh ! this is another of the Devil's Tricks. I'm undone ! I'll hang my self strait, to avoid Shame and Sor-
row.

Enter Cynthio, like an Infernal Deity.

Cyn. Hold, Mortal ! Behold Mammon, that dread Power that makes Men great, the God thou serv'st and worship'st. I'll now make up thy Loss ten thousand Fold. Some Fiends, set on by Cynthio, have this Night disturb'd and threaten'd thee,

thee; but fear 'em not. I'm their Superiour, and will make them serve thee: For, what withstands Almighty Mammon's Power? I'll force 'em now to fill this Chest with Gold. But they're of dismal Shapes, and their Sight hurtful; then turn thy Back, and as thou lov'st thy Life, or dearer Wealth, till they've perform'd my Will, cast not an Eye this way. When thrice thou'rt call'd, then, turn, see, wonder, and still serve Great Mammon.

Pan. Dread Mammon, I obey; and if I turn before, may I then lose whatever I have here.

Cyn. Spirits of Earth and Fire, appear
Swift as Thought, Great Mammon's here.
Take this Chest, and all that's in it,
And here return it in a Minute,
As full of Gold,
As it can hold.

Enter Two Men dress'd like Devils.

1 Devil. Shall we, for want of Time to make it,
At the Bank of Venice take it?

Cyn. No, you must not, lest you break it.

1 Devil. Shall we to that of London run?

Cyn. No; much of its Gold is gone.

1 Devil. To Amsterdam we'll fly with Speed.

Cyn. Ay, There you'll find enough indeed,
But kept so close you scarce wou'd speed.

Fly to Cales; there, like silly Elves,
They get it, but keep none themselves.

1 Devil. Swifter than Sight we fly through Air;
And in a moment will be there.

[Exeunt Cynthio, and Devils with the Chest.]

Pan. Well, I'm made for ever. My Lord Mammon is like all the World, and is kindest to those that keep Money by them; and I'll keep mine so, that 'tis not Forty in the Hundred Discount shall decoy me to part with it. I've a great Mind to turn, and make my Court to the Spirits, that they may bring me more hereafter. But I must not. Wou'd they were come! Methinks they out-stay their Time.----What if this damn'd Fiend that haunts me, has chang'd Shapes to plague me more? What need they have taken the Chest? There my Deeds are, and ten thousand Ducats! Oh! I'm in a cold Sweat----Shall I look back? What shall I do?

Enter Nicholas.

Nic. Oh! here's the old Craven dares not go to Roost without me. He sleeps standing. I'll call him----Master! Signore Pantalone!

Pan. Oh! I beg Great Mammon's Pardon! They are come.

Nic. Why, Signore Pantalone!

Pan. Hah! I've been called twice.

Nic. Hey, Signore Pantalone!

Pan. Now do I turn to look on my Gold, and thank Great Mammon. *[Falls on his Knees before Nicholas, e're he sees him; then seeing him is startled.]* Hah!

Nic. Nay, why d'you kneel to me for? I a'n't your God-father.

Pan. Where's my Chest, my Money, my Deeds?

Nic. Nay, the Devil and you know best.

Pan. Undone! Ruin'd! Let me curse my self into the Ground, for I ha'n't enough left to bury me! Run, Cry, Ride, charge a Constable with them.

Nic. With whom? With the Devil?

Pan. Run to a Conjurer. Cast a Figure ! I'll have it again, tho' he has me for't, Stay, I'll be reveng'd on my self. Get me some Poyson.

Nic. How much, Sir ? We buy it of 'Potheccaries at Half a Crown a Glas; but you may have it at the Vintners at Eighteen Pence a Bottle.

Pan. No, not so dear ! All my Mony's gone ! Two penny-worth of Ratsbane will do-----Stay, I'll save the Mony. There's a Rope yonder, I'll e'en hang my self. Oh my Chest ! My dear Chest ! I'll not survive thy Loss. Thou art gone to the Devil ! Oh my Chest ! my dear Chest ! I'll follow thee. [*He claps a Rope about his Neck, and steps out, as if 'twere to hang himself.*]

Nic. Wown's ! He's hanging himself. 'Tis like to be a blessed Time, tho', when Usurers hang themselves ! But what a Pity 'tis ! I came to tell him how he might ha' lick'd himself whole, by lending a well-landed Heir a Sum of Mony.

[*He puts his Hands between the Rope and his Neck on a sudden, peeps in, and speaks as if half choak'd.*]

Pan. Is he of Age ?

Nic. Mercy o' me ! I fancy, the hopes of chousing a young Squire, wou'd raise an Usurer from the Dead. You're welcome from Hell, Sir ! Of Age, say you ? Mary, many of his Age have spent two or three times more than they're worth---Stay, an' he lives to see the First of April come Twelve-months, he'll be---just Two and twenty. Bless'd be the Day when it comes.

Pan. Oh he's a Minor. Nothing to be done ! And more cause of hanging my self.

Nic. But, Sir !

Pan. Lard ! Can't you let a Man hang himself in Peace.

[*He goes in, and hangs himself.*]

Nic. Wown's ! I must go get a good Knife, or his Soul will burst out at the Bung-hole. [*Exit Nicholas.*]

Enter Cynthia and Mezzetin.

Cyn. Signore *Pantalone* hang'd. I'll cut him down. [*Cuts him down.*]

Mez. Lard, Sir, cou'd not you let him alone ? He'll have an Action against you for spoiling his Rope.

Cyn. He's not dead ! His Pulse beats ! He's but in a Swoon.

Mez. Let's keep the Room dark, and when he wakes make him believe he's in Hell : This may do you and him some good.

Cyn. So it may---But what have you done with my *Spaniard* ?

Mez. Sir, he's come to, his Senses : The Dose which I pour'd into his Glas never works above a quarter of an Hour.

Cyn. Then he may be further useful. Bring our Spirits hither, while I order Things to bring him before us, who'll represent *Lucifer's Court of Justice*. Oh they're here.

Enter Two Men like Devils.

Cyn. Apply this Essence to his Nostrils; and when he revives, tell him he's in Hell.

[*Exeunt Cynthia and Mezzetin, who first puts out the Candle.*]

Pan. Where am I ?

1 *Dev.* In Hell, wretched Soul !

Pan. Hah ! Defend me ! What are you ?

1 *Dev.* We are the Sheriff's Officers of Hell : You must come to be try'd and sentenc'd.

Pan. Oh hoh ! But am I then dead ?

1 *Dev.* Yes, and damn'd : Were you not an Usurer ?

Pan. No indeed ; I only lent Mony to Friends, on Land, or other good Security, at Twenty in the Hundred---And that's but a National Rate you know. Oh hoh !

I should ha' thought I had been alive, but that I remember I hang'd my self; me-thinks I am no more dead than e're I was in my Life.

The Scene opens, and discovers Mezzetin like Minos, attended by other Devils in Gowns, and some with Torches; Cynthio, Isabella, Colombina, and Nicholas, as some of 'em, disguis'd and mask'd.

Mez. Bring the Criminals to the Bar to receive Sentence. Make haste, I'm hungry, and consequently as out of Humour as my Brother-Judges above, at a tedious Quarter-Sessions.

1 Dev. Bear back there! Make way for the Quack Doctor.

Enter Quack Doctor.

Quack. Transportation, my Lord! I've sent more People to Hell last Year, than did a whole Army in Flanders.

Mez. That was but against your Will. Harken to your Sentence. I'm in haste; and wave Method. You shall swallow every Day a Peck of your own Pills! Twelve Vomits, Sixteen Purges, Fourteen Bolus's, and Six and thirty Clysters of *Aqua Fortis*.

1 Dev. Make way for the Vintner.

Enter a Vintner.

Vintner. My Lord, I've kill'd my self in your Service; and have sent you more People than the modern Broachers of Heresies in Physic and Divinity; and that's whole Legions, my Lord.

Mez. Against your Will too. You shall set up a Hedge-Tavern for Bullies and Night-walkers; never Ride nor Tipple abroad, sell in seal'd Measures at the Statute-price, be boyl'd in stumm'd Clarer, and drink your own Wines over again.

1 Dev. Room for an old Maid.

Enter Old Maid.

Old Maid. My Lord, I'm not fit for Hell.

Mez. How? And an old Maid?

Old Maid. There must be gnashing of Teeth: Now I have none, my Lord: Then there must be Weeping; and I wept so much, first, for having refus'd, and then for being refus'd, that I'm as dry as Tinder, my Lord.

Mez. Her Crimes are too enormous for Hell to punish---Let her be---Stay, what shall she be?---Still an old Maid.

O. Maid. My Lord, let me have the Benefit of the Clergy.

Mez. 'Tis too late. Take her away; cut her into Matches, and lay her up in *Pluto's* Tinder-box.

O. Maid. I'm quick with Child, my Lord. I plead my Belly.

Mez. Away with her; I'll hear no more.

1 Dev. May it please your Lordship, here's a Criminal to be try'd. [*Shows Pant.*]

Mez. Dam him! I'm in haste. Let him be hang'd on *Tantalus's* Tree.

Pan. My Lord, I've been hang'd already.

Mez. What art thou?

Pan. An Usurer, as they'll have it, an't please your Diabolyty.

Mez. Hell's full of them. This makes People want Money so damnably above. What wert thou damn'd for?

Pan. For nothing, my Lord: Only for thinking too well of the World. I chear'd, as every Body does; I was cheated again, and so suspended my self.

Mez. Harken to your Sentence. You shall for ever lend Money, without Security or Interest, to Prodigals, Projectors, and Poets; receive as many Lashes as you've got Pence by Extortion, be findg'd with your best Bonds, and the Laird of Hell roast your Sole.

Pan. Mercy, My good Lord-Devil! I have neither Bonds, nor Mony. Mercy! Mercy!

Mez. How! No Bonds! No Mony! Produce the Chest.

Dev. Here 'tis produc'd in Court.

[The Chest is produc'd.]

Pan. My Lord, I've no right in 'em. These are only some Deeds that belong to a Gentleman, whose Father I wrong'd; his Name's *Cynthia*: Let him have 'em. And the Ten thousand Ducats are my Niece *Isabella's*: I was her Guardian, and cheated her of 'em. Let 'em take 'em among 'em, and Marry when they will, and do you have Mercy my Lord-Judge. Transportation! Mercy!

Mez. Mercy, upon an empty Stomach? Yet what shall we do with this wicked Fellow? He'll but spoil these worthy Gentlemen here.

Dev. Let him set his Hand to this Paper to make good what he says, and send him to his World again, without Mony. He'll be miserable enough thus. There's no Room for him here; no not among the Proctors, Taylors, Overseers of the Poor, nor the Pawn-brokers.

[Pantalone takes a Paper which is shew'd him, looks on't, and then signs it.]

Pan. Stay, is it stamp'd Paper? Yes! Hah wou'd it wer'nt. *Aside.* There, my good Lord! I deliver this as my Act and Deed, for the use of the Persons therein mention'd.

[He gives the Paper to Cynthia, who sits disguis'd like the Clerk of the Court.]

Mez. And I adjourn the Court—These Gentlemen may go Sup where they can: As for you, Signore *Pantalone*, you shall be our Guest. *[Mezzetin jumps off suddenly from his Judgment-seat; the black Cloth, that cover'd it, at once draws forward with him, and discovers a Table with Plates and a Banquet. Cynthia, Isabella, Colombina and Nicholas, pull off their Disguises.]*

Pan. Bless me! Are you all in Hell? Or am I out of it? Oh I have been cheated, gull'd, made an Ass, and what's worse, a Beggar!

All. Hah, hah, hah!

[They laugh at him.]

Cyn. Come, Sir, you've enough left: You've parted with nothing but what was not yours; and 'tis to your Niece, and to me, to whom you owe more; since you owe me your Life; for, had I not cut the Rope, you had been dead, and damn'd as you thought your self just now. Thank Providence, and learn to make a better use of what you enjoy.

Pan. Well, the Advice is good. Heav'n forgive me, and bless you together! Since you have sav'd a Life that stood between an Estate and your Mistress, you show you deserve it, and you shall have all, when I die: For now I'll right those I've wrong'd, and, tho' late, begin to lead a new Life.

Nic. Look you, Master of mine, so wou'd I too. I borrow'd some Plate of our Neighbour, Sir *John's* Steward, and sold it you; then chang'd it and the Cloth, thinking you'd fancy the Devil had don't in this Hurly-burly: Since that they brought me into this Plot here, for I knew nothing on't before; but take your Muck again, 'tis Usurer's Mony, the Widow's and Fatherless's Blood, and the poor Man's Curse; 'twoud not thrive with me.

Pan. No, to show I'm no more such, keep it; I give it thee freely, honest Fellow.

Nic. Well, now I dare keep it. There's a Wonder come to pass! A Pinch-penny grown Free-hearted. Covetousness routed out. Well,

To cure all Misers of that cursed Evil,

I fancy there's no Doctor like the Devil.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Prince.

Kings send Embassadors ; so Poets do.
I from the French, to the Confederates, You,
Am sent Plenipotentiary ; for Peace to sue.
To treat with me, pray think it no Disgrace !
You may read my Credentials in my Face.
Besides, I'm told, the silliest Women are,
Able to deal with the best of you here :
You're fierce at first, but tamely end the War.
The Pow'r that sent me offers to restore
All he took since he treated here before,
Or else Equivalents. What won'd y' have more ?
Not want at Home from others made him take :
He only took for sweet Convenience-sake.
Agree ! Faith, once I thought, as he does use you,
This talk of Peace was only to amuse you.
But now he finds his Treasury grows low ;
Tho' yours he fancies now is but so so.
Thus, tir'd like you, he's willing War should cease,
Because he hopes he may get more by a Peace.
All you he'll spare, whom pointed Satire hits,
From those who crowd us here, to yonder peeping Wits ;
Ev'n Criticks, Masks, and Beaux ; nay Cuckolds, Squires and Cits.
He'll let the Critick for good-natur'd pass ;
The Mask for fair and modest, while she hides her Face.
The Fair, who scarce dares ogle at Hide-Park,
Shall safely meet in t'other, when 'tis dark,
And keep Time with the Music and her Spark.
The Wits for Beaux shall pass ; for Wits, the Beaux,
And if they please, wear Periwigs to their Toes,
And Shoulder o' Mutton-Flaps in Gawdy double Rows.
The Squire shall be well bred, old Matron pretty,
And Cuckold's-point no Scandal to the City.
Why, thus you'll all be safe ! Then kindly blest
This my first Embassy, with fair Success.
Ladies, let your Mediation end the War !
He never trespass'd yet against the Fair.
And, Sirs, till we your Hearts to a Peace induce,
Pray let me have your Hands, and grant at least a Truce.
We'll ratify't on Thursday at this Place :
But then be sure you ben't in Needmore's Case.

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